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LOVE SONG.

"Do I still love thee?" Ask the bee
If he still loves the flower;
And of the flower demand if she
Loves sunshine and the shower;
And ask the bird if still he loves
The joy that summer brings,
Soft airs, blue skies, and leafy groves
That listen while he sings.
If bee and flower and bird say "Nay,"
Then my love's false and fled away.

"Why do I love you?" Ask the sea
Why it adores the moon;
And ask the queenly rose why she
Dotes on the month of June:
And ask the sun-flower why she turns
Her bosom to the sun,
And all the dark night fondly yearns
For her most cherished one.
If sun-flower, rose, and sea reply,
"We do not know," no more know I.

Ah, who the secret source can tell
Of love that long endures?
The charm is undefinable,
That draws my soul to yours.
I only know that still my love
Is centred all in you,
As constant as the stars above,
And pure as morning dew.
Enough, though bid the cause may be,
If I love you—and you love me.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER I.

"Prince Charlie's" daughter! The sun shone on the day of her birth; the bells in Erceldean pealed merrily, the flags waved from Erceldean towers, every face on the Erceldean estate wore a bright, pleased expression. "Her ladyship had a little daughter," the tenants said one to another; then stopped a moment and added, "Heaven bless the mother and the child!"

"Prince Charlie" himself was in a trance of delight. He might have lived in the older days when people cried out, "Largess—a princess is born!" He gave with both hands royally as a king. There was no tenant, no servant, no beggar, no tramp who met him upon that day whose heart was not made glad. "Drink to my little daughter's health," he said to one. "Never mind the quarter's rent," were his words to another—"keep it; my little daughter must bring good fortune to every one."

Poor, bright, brave, generous, faulty "Prince Charlie!" "Nothing niggardly to-day, John," he said to his butler. "Treat the tenantry well, but mind that every glass is drunk to the health of the heiress of Erceldean."

The clang of the joy-bells filled the air; fragrance and melody greeted the birth of "Prince Charlie's" daughter—Beatrix Lennox, heiress of Erceldean. No king's heart was stirred with more passionate joy than this which now animated the heart of "Prince Charlie." And, though wild revelry, loud songs, feasting, and mirth seemed to wake at his biddidg, there was also deep gratitude to Heaven for granting him this gift which he prized so greatly—a little child.

He stood on a summit of a sloping hill, thick green grass waving at his feet, wild heather to the right and left of him, tall spreading trees over his head. He looked round him with pride and delight. This noble domain of Erceldean, how fair it was! In all the length of bonnie Scotland no spot was half so fair—and it would all be hers one day.

There were no woods like those of Ercel, where the king of Scotland had hunted wild deers; they formed a grand picturesque mass to the east. The blue gleaming line, also on the east, was the distant sea; and near the Castle ran the swift, clear river Deane.

"Few have ever had a fairer heritage," thought "Prince Charlie." There was a mortgage, it was true—and a mortgage of course was very unpleasant; but he should pay it off some day. Looking round Erceldean, he gave no further thought to his difficulties.

"My little blue-bell will be a great lady some day," he said to himself. An eagle was cleaving its way through the sunlit air as he spoke, the world lay smiling at his feet, and no warning came to him that the fate of his little daughter would be less bright, less fair, than the sunny morning that smiled over him.

He had climbed to the summit of the hill on purpose to look at the rich, beautiful domain that was to be his daughter's.

"What shall I name her?" he thought. "Beatrix Lennox, the proudest, fairest, haughtiest lady of our race, won the love of a king. She might have been crowned queen but that she loved the land of her birth better than the king who wooed her. She preferred to be Countess of St. Mar. I will call my daughter Beatrix; it is a name of good omen. Perhaps it may win for her a loyal love." He repeated the name as he descended the hill.

"Beatrix Lennox, heiress of Erceldean! I hope to Heaven," he said, pausing suddenly, "that the child will take after her mother, and not after me! The Graemes were ever careful. One spendthrift like myself is more than enough for a generation."

He walked quickly through the heather, through the clover-meadows, through the pleasure-gardens, and along the terraces that surrounded the Castle. A waiting-woman met him at the door.

"Her ladyship would be pleased to see you, Colonel," she said.

Largess again! He placed a gold coin in the woman's hands, and she watched him as he went up the stairs.

"A king's heart, a king's hand, and a Lennox head," she said. "He is one of the most generous masters in Scotland; but I doubt if his purse will hold out. A gold coin for a civil message! Well, Heaven bless him! I wish he could find a gold-mine on his estate."

The Colonel went on his way singing, in a low voice, his favorite song, "The Blue-bells of Scotland." He reached her ladyship's room, and there waited until the nurse's voice bade him enter.

It was a large, lofty room, superbly furnished. On the bed, with its rich hangings, lay a pale gentle lady with a sweet patient face—sweet, yet sad, as of one who suffered in silence. She held proudly in her arms a little child. She raised her eyes as the Colonel entered.

"Charlie come and look at her," she said. "I have never seen such a face. Look at her!"

The Colonel bent his handsome head. They formed a striking picture—the handsome princely-looking father, the pale sweet mother, and the little child.

"She has a Lennox face," said Lady Lennox. "She is not like me—not like the Graemes."

"I have always heard," laughed "Prince Charlie" "that the Lennoxes were one of the handsomest families in Scotland."

"I think it is true," said the gentle wife.

"There is some character in baby's face," remarked the Colonel. "Look at the sweet little lips—how firmly they are closed! See how delicately arched the brows are. The eyes are dark. There is an old Border song of a dark eyed Lennox with a heart of fire."

Lady Lennox looked up at her husband.

"Charlie," she began half reluctantly, "do you know why I have sent for you?"

"Certainly, Ailsa—because you wanted to see me," he replied.

"Partly; I also want to talk to you. I thought that on this the day that our little child has been given to us you would not refuse my petition."

"That I will not," he replied. "Like the king in your favorite history, I would give you the half of my kingdom."

She laid her hand on his thick clustering curls.

"My dear Charlie, I have never doubted your willingness to give. I doubt though whether you had much to give."

The Colonel drew back with a heavy look on his handsome face.

"Hush, Ailsa! It is the old question of money and expense. I thought that was never to be mentioned between us again?"

"Just to day," she pleaded—"baby's birthday—let me speak."

"You will only anger me. I cannot help it, Ailsa. I shall manage. Heaven made me with open hands. I suppose, my darling, you do not know how fatally easy it is to me to give. I detest all narrow ways of counting up shillings—I never could do it, and never shall."

"Then in the end you will have no shillings to count," she said.

But the Colonel laughed.

"I have no fear. Why, Ailsa, no poor man ever utters the name of 'Lennox' save to bless it!"

She sighed deeply.

"I know it is almost useless to talk to you; but, Charlie, now that we have the little one, will you not try to alter? I want you to promise to be more economical. Do not give away so much—do not bet on those terrible horses—do not trust so implicitly in a blind fate; if you do, ruin will follow. Generosity is a duty, but not such lavish generosity as yours. For my sake, for the little one's sake, begin now to act differently."

He was touched by her words. Seeing it, she went on.

"Why have people given you the name of 'Prince Charlie?' Not only because of your liberal, royal way of doing things, but because you are as prodigal, as thriftless, as careless, as reckless as the 'Merrie Monarch' himself. If you were King of England instead of lord of Erceldean, you would be poor. Now touch baby's soft fingers, Charlie; does not something go straight from them to your heart? For her sake be careful and promise me to reform."

He bent down and kissed the rosebud face.

"I will, Ailsa. You know I mean to do right always—I have no thought of doing wrong. Dame Nature is to blame, who gave me the open hand of a king without the revenues to fill them. I like bright faces, and, if a gift of mine clears a sad face, I am well pleased."

"Does it never occur to you," said his wife, "that the faces are saddened expressly for you to brighten them?"

"No—never," he replied quickly. "I do thank Heaven for one thing—I have unlimited faith in all my kind."

"Then it is useless discussing the matter," said Lady Lennox. "I have not. Say these words after me—For your sake, my little Beatrix, I promise to be more careful—to give less, to save more, to renounce betting, and devote my time to home."

He repeated the words, and then kissed his wife's hands and the baby's face.

"Ailsa, I hope your daughter will be like yourself."

The baby was christened soon afterwards. A duchess was its godmother. The whole domain of Erceldean seemed to be illuminated. The only one who wept when others laughed, and sighed when others smiled, who foresaw sorrow, was the wife of "Prince Charlie," the mother of the little heiress, Lady Lennox. Time proved that she was right.

CHAPTER II.

The sun shone upon few braver, brighter, happier men than Colonel Charles Lennox. He was one of the handsomest officers in Her Majesty's Army—a man of lofty stature and powerful build, with a graceful, easy, dignified carriage; his features were bold, frank, and proud; there was joined in him the dash of a soldier with the grace of the cavalier. His face had been originally fair, but the sun had bronzed it; the dark blue eyes that looked out so graciously and so kindly on the world were keen and bright; the fair clustering hair and long moustaches had a glint of sunshine in them. He was just twenty when he succeeded to the vast fortune left him by his father.

His father, Keith Lennox of Erceldean, had two sons—Charles, the Colonel, who succeeded him, and Peter, the younger son, who was a graceless ne'er-do-well—he had neither manners, morals, nor style Keith Lennox was accustomed to say. There was no great love between the brothers, although Charlie had a contemptuous kind of pity for the ungainly boy who was so invariably awkward and clumsy. Keith Lennox proposed many things for this hapless son. He offered him a commission in the Army. Peter said he did not want to get shot at, neither did he want to shoot. He offered to have him trained for the sea; the boy replied sulkily that he did not want to be drowned.

"I am sadly afraid," was the father's impatient remark, "that you will live to be hanged."

"I shall not be the first of my name, sir," replied Peter. And in despair Keith Lennox almost gave up his son.

"Could you give me any idea of what you would like to be?" he asked, with sarcasm lost upon Peter.

"Yes sir," was the ready response; "I should like to be either a smuggler or a highwayman." After this the lord of Erceldean said no more.

"There is a skeleton in every family-cupboard, Peter," he said; "you are the skeleton in mine."

Peter solved for himself the difficult problem of his existence. He ran away from home, leaving a letter addressed to his father, in which he stated that it was his intention to make a fortune at the gold-diggings; he was going to sail in the *Ormolia*, he said. The father's first feeling on reading the letter was one of unmitigated relief. But a few weeks afterwards, when he read the story of the wreck of the *Ormolia* with the loss of all on board, he mourned for his son. There was an end to Peter; he could never annoy, disgrace, nor irritate them again.

Charles Lennox succeeded to the whole of the Erceldean estate. There had been ample provision made for Peter; that now became his brother's. At twenty-one Charles Lennox was one of the handsomest and wealthiest men in Scotland. He served in one campaign against the Sikhs in India. It was there that his fair face became bronzed—there that he won his brilliant reputation for fearless courage; he was promoted, and every honor was paid to him. Colonel Lennox was comparatively a young man when the necessity of looking after his estate compelled him to leave the Army. He divided his time between London and Erceldean, and married, after a short courtship, the pretty portionless orphan daughter of a Scotch peer—the Lady Ailsa Graeme—who simply idolized him, and believed him to be one of the noblest men on earth. They were married ten years before the birth of their little daughter Beatrix Lennox.

There were few men so courted or so popular as the Colonel; he was chiefly known by the name of "Prince Charlie." It was difficult not to idolize him, since he had ways and fashions more royal even than those of a king. He was kind and warm of heart, impetuous, indiscreet; he was possessed of little tact or judgment; but he had an immense faith in everything and every one—an immense sympathy for all whom he came in contact with. How many destitute children he placed in schools, how many desolate widows he established in business, how many simpletons he rescued from folly, could never be told.

That was how he began life; but afterwards he degenerated. He became the prey of sharpers; he grew reckless and careless; and then he followed bad advice, given to him by interested people from an evil motive. He speculated, and lost largely; then he was persuaded to gamble, and, betting, he lost more. No doubt his advisers knew quite well what they were doing; but it was a strange fact—every horse that "Prince Charlie" backed never came to the "post" a winner, all those he thought would lose won.

In vain did Lady Lennox remonstrate. "My dear wife," he would answer in his genial happy fashion, "I have so much money that I can never spend it all." He lent, he gave, he lost, until the day came that his banker with a grave face told him that his account was so far overdrawn that some arrangements must be made.

The gay handsome Colonel was electrified. At first he declared that the firm was mad; and then he grew indignant. An interview with his solicitors brought him to his senses, and he saw that there was no resource save to mortgage Erceldean. "Prince Charlie" lost more and more. The London house was given up, a farm was sold, the mortgage was increased. Lady Lennox startled her husband one day by telling him that if he should die unexpectedly he had not a shilling to leave her.

ling to leave her.

"Oh, Ailsa, that cannot be true!" he cried. "You have dreamed it!"

She proved it to him, and he looked at her in half-comic despair.

"If I had had your head for figures, I should have been a richer man," he said; but his wife in her gentle voice rejoined—

"It is not the head, but the heart, Charlie, that goes astray in your case."

Still the fright was not much of a check on him; the mortgage was increased. So it happened that when Beatrix was born there was no heritage left for her. He never released it. To himself he was always Colonel Lennox of Erceldean, lord of one of the fairest estates in Scotland. What did it matter to him that it was mortgaged to its full value, and that any time, if the mortgage-money was called in, he would be a ruined man? He was not of a nature to remember such things; he had a happy faculty of thrusting all dark thoughts from his mind.

He had promised to amend now that his little heiress was born; but it was too late to do so; he should have reformed years before. He had nothing now to keep.

He struggled on until Beatrix reached her fourth year. She had all a child's passionate adoration for the handsome, generous father who kissed her and loaded her with toys. She loved him, with an affection passing the love of children for their parents, until her fourth year, and then a terrible accident happened.

One sunny morning in August the Colonel kissed his wife and child for the last time. Some one had begged him to try a new horse which it was feared was vicious; with his usual good-nature he had consented. When Lady Lennox, looking into his handsome face, asked him whither he was going, he answered laughing and evasively. Had they known the truth, neither wife or child would have parted with him.

"You will come home to dinner, Charlie?" said Lady Lennox. "Do not ride too quickly or too far; the day is warm."

The Colonel laughed.

"Fancy such advice as that to a man who has ridden forty miles in the heat of an Indian sun!" he cried. "I will be back for dinner, Ailsa—indeed if you fell dull or lonely, I will not go at all."

How fervently she wished afterwards that she had said she was unwilling to let him depart! She would have given twenty years of her life for that one half-hour back again. She answered with a smile that she could never be dull where Beatrix was; and then he kissed her face and her hands in his courtly, gallant fashion, telling her that she was fairer in his eyes than she had been when he married her. She was glad in the after years to remember how she had returned his caress, loving him in her heart, and thinking to herself that there was no one in the wide world so handsome, so kind, or so good. Then he went to the little Beatrix, a lovely laughing child with a sweet imperious face.

"Good morning, Bee," he said—"papa is going out."

"Don't go," she lisped—"else take me with you."

They told her long afterwards how he took her in his arms and tossed her up to the ceiling, much to Lady Lennox's alarm—how he kissed her, and spoke of the Beatrix who had lived before.

"Shall you always love papa, Bee?" he asked; and she liked to hear how she had answered, "Yes—better than all the world."

Then, with a smile on his face and sunshine in his frank, kindly eyes, he turned to leave them, singing "The Blue-bells of Scotland" as he went away. Four hours afterwards they carried him home to Erceldean—dead!

CHAPTER III.

Beatrix Lennox, child as she was at that time, remembered the untold horror of the day on which her father was brought home dead. She remembered the slanting sunshine as it fell upon the grass, the silent hours while her father was away and her mother, Lady Lennox, lay reading on the couch. How suddenly the calmness and the sweet sunshine seemed to terminate as over the greensward came the tramp of men! She remembered the terrible cry of her mother when she heard what the men had to say—"The Colonel is dead;" and the little lisping child, hardly knowing the meaning of the word, repeated them—"The Colonel is dead."

She saw her mother fling up her arms, and then fall with her face upon the ground. She had a memory that was like a dream of seeing the silent figure carried into the library and laid upon the table, while the blinds were quickly drawn—of seeing the fair clustering hair wet and tangled—of seeing the handsome face, which she had kissed so short a time before, all white and bruised.

"Papa!" she cried in an agony of terror. Loving hands snatched her away, and Beatrix Lennox never looked upon her father's face again.

After that came a long interval, which seemed to her all gloom. The rooms were darkened with drawn blinds; the only sound heard was that of weeping and wailing for the kindly, generous master laid low. It was a long, dark, dreary interval, during which the child never saw her mother's face and her father's house was given up to the rule of strange men. When she did see her mother's face, it was with difficulty that she recognized it, so white, so drawn, so haggard was it, all her beautiful hair brushed aside, and a widow's cap on her head. "Mamma," who had been so smiling and so sweet, was always crying now. Beatrix remembered, too, one little circumstance that impressed her. She had been playing with her mother's purse, and a small silver coin fell from it.

"Take care of money, Bee," said Lady Lennox. "Remember that all your life—take care of money."

She looked up into her mother's face.

"Did papa like money?" she asked; and the answer, given with bitter tears, was—

"No, not half enough."

"Take care of money"—the words haunted the child's brain. She had never heard money mentioned before.

Then came a long interval. She had a dim remembrance of dark-browed men raging and storming in Erceldean Castle, of looking at a tall angry man who stood in the picture-gallery raving against her dead father—calling him "prodigal" and "spendthrift"—of a servant trying to quiet him, saying—

"Hush! The child is listening."

"The child had better be dead than a beggar," he answered.

"Here is my lady coming," said the servant.

"And 'my lady' had better be dead too," declared the man savagely.

Beatrix went up to her mother.

"Mamma, am I a beggar?" she cried.

She remembered how Lady Lennox raised her in her arms, and then, falling upon her knees, cried to Heaven, "Was there ever any one so desolate or so sad?"

She remembered a hundred similar scenes—how her mother came to her one morning dressed in deep mourning, her pale face looking quite colorless and contrasting oddly with her black robes.

"Beatrix," she said, "come with me, child, and say good-bye to your home."

She carried her daughter into every room, and she wept passionate tears as they stood together on the green lawn outside the Castle.

"Beatrix," said Lady Lennox, "you are a little child, but you are old enough to remember what I am going to say to you."

"I shall remember," returned the child wonderingly.

"Look at that beautiful Castle; it should be yours. You were born heiress of Erceldean, yet you have not a penny in the world, Beatrix, only Heaven knows what lies before us—what is to be our fate; but promise me always to remember that this is your home—always to remember that you were born a lady."

"I am a lady," said the child proudly—"not a beggar, as that man called me, but a lady."

"Promise me too, my darling, that, if in the years to come you should be fortunate or prosperous, you will, if you can, buy back the old home of the Lennoxes."

"I will, mamma," said the child.

"Remember another thing, my darling. They used to call you 'Prince Charlie's' daughter in the days when feasting and revelry wasted your father's substance, when men flattered him and borrowed from him and led him to ruin."

"Poor papa!" said the child, with fast-dropping tears.

"Dear, noble, generous papa!" cried Lady Lennox. "Oh, my little daughter, he has left me almost penniless; yet I declare to you that I would rather be his widow left poor and obscure, than the widow of a king. But you do not understand me."

"Yes, I do, mamma. I understand you loved papa. So did I."

"Yes, I loved him," was the passionate cry. "My heart is buried with him—I loved him. Beatrix," she continued, as she steadied her voice, "the same people who flattered your father and called you 'Prince Charlie's' daughter will say hard things of him now that he is dead."

"Hard things?" said the child. "What are hard things?"

"They will say that he was a spendthrift and a prodigal. Oh, little Beatrix, they ruined him! He did not ruin himself; they begged and borrowed, they led him astray. What will you do when they tell you these things?"

"I will kill them!" cried the child, stamping her little foot.

"My darling, you cannot do that—people are not so easily killed. Say to all of them, 'My father was far above you all. He was a king amongst men;' for he was, Beatrix—he was noble and great."

"Why did they ruin him?" asked the child, with more than child-like wisdom.

"Because he gave away his substance recklessly. He never refused aid when it was asked of him; he never refused help even when it impoverished himself; his hand and his heart were alike open. He gave, and he lost; he tried to make it up by speculation, and then he lost more."

Beatrix never forgot the memory of that scene—the old Castle of Erceldean standing in the sunlight, the background formed by the purple hills and the dark picturesque masses of wood, the glowing sun, the rippling foliage, the blooming flowers, the pale patrician mother, with her passionate words and passionate tears.

"Say it, child, to comfort me," she cried suddenly to Beatrix. "Say, 'My father was a king amongst men!'"

Beatrix repeated the words.

"Look your last, my darling, on your old home; the star of your race has set in darkness and in gloom. Bear with you until you die the picture of Erceldean before the hands of the spoilers touch it. My last words as I look at it are that I bless the memory of the man I loved."

Then came a journey over the hills. Beatrix asked her mother whither they were going. Lady Lennox said—

"You have never heard of the place, child; we are going to the old Grange at Strathnarn, an old house left to me years ago, and an income of a hundred a year with it. I smiled at the time I heard of the legacy; now I thank Heaven for it."

"Then we are rich!" cried the child.

"No, not rich, my darling," said Lady Lennox; "but we shall be happy—you and I—because we love each other so well."

Strathnarn was reached at last. The Grange was a large rambling building, pleasantly situated. The house stood on the summit of a richly-wooded hill, and a beautiful lake, called Loch Narn, lay at its feet. No scenery could have been richer or more picturesque, no landscape more lovely. The Grange itself was a dreary habitation. In that great lonely house there were no carpets, no pictures—nothing but old oaken furniture quite out of date, long dark passages, and gloomy rooms.

"Mamma," cried the child, clinging in terror to Lady Lennox, "is this home?"

Lady Lennox raised her fair sad face and pointed to the blue smiling heavens.

"No, my darling," she replied; "our home is with your father—there; we shall have no other. We have lost all, Beatrix—even hope." And those words the child did not forget till long afterwards.

They were sadder still the next day, when they had more leisure to look around them. Nothing drearier than the old Grange could be imagined. There was no other house in sight—the nearest town, Ersedale, some miles away; there was not even a shepherd's hut or a lodge or a human habitation of any kind. The most profound silence reigned around the place; it was not broken even by the tinkling of a sheep-bell.

There was one servant, Margaret by name a staid, warm hearted Scotch-woman, who had long been accustomed to the Grange. She had lived there alone since her late mistress's death, looking after the gloomy house as well as she could. She gazed pitifully at the beautiful child with the bright face.

"It will be a queersome place for her to grow up in, my lady," she said; "we never see the sight of a human face here from one year to another. Perhaps it will be only for a time that you will still stay here?"

"It will be for life," replied Lady Lennox sadly—"for life; but, if Heaven is good to us, that life will not last long."

"Do not say that, my lady; happy days may yet be in store for you. I will wait on you faithfully and serve you well; but, let me do the best I can, it will still be a sad life."

And Lady Lennox found it even worse than she had expected and feared. Just at first there was a glimmer of hope that something would happen—some source of relief would be found; that glimmer of hope died, and the full sense of desolation came home to her at last. The only thing that saved her from despair was her little daughter; to teach her, to brighten the little life, to make herself a child for the child's sake, was the only thing that kept her from the very madness of despair. As the mournful years passed without change, without event, she busied herself thus, only waking at intervals to the consciousness that her daughter was rapidly becoming a beautiful girl, while she herself seemed to grow more helpless and feeble every day.

CHAPTER IV.

A broad picturesque lake was Loch Narn, surrounded by mountains that were reflected in its clear waters. The water was especially beautiful, for it seemed to be ever changing. In the early dawn, when the sun was beginning to shine, it looked like a mass of molten gold; later on, when the sky seemed to rest on its bosom, it was one sheet of blue; then, when the sun set in the crimson west, it was red, with strange gleams of golden light in it. There was perhaps no fairer lake in all bonnie Scotland than Loch Narn. Tall trees grew on the borders of the lake, and where the cliffs sloped down there was a large natural cavern, which at times was filled with water. From that fact it was imagined that there was some connexion between the loch and the sea. When the tide was in, the cavern was filled with deep clear water, which decreased as the tide went out. There was a profusion of heather in full purple bloom.

The hills quite surrounded the lake—they formed a chain about it; between two of them lay a small dark glade. Passing through it, one came to the old Grange of Strathnarn. From the summit of the purple hills one could see the distant ocean, also the great spreading moors, the distant mountains, the thick woods, dark and silent save for the song of the birds and the whirr of their wings, the black, still tarns. It was a spot of perfect beauty and perfect solitude. At rare intervals an eagle might be seen spreading its

wings in the cool breeze that blew from the northern seas. No human habitation save the Grange of Strathnarn was near. The town of Ersedale was more than five miles from the loch, the beauty of which was anything but extensively known. No vignettes of it adorned the guide-books to the Highlands. The whole locality was a beautiful picturesque solitude.

Yet even this solitude had its queen—a fair and lovely queen, who worshipped the beauty of her domain—a queen who seemed to be content to live and die without passing its boundary.

It was a brilliant morning. A rich amber light lay on the loch, a soft golden haze had overspread the hills, the long line of distant sea shone white in the sun, the bees were humming over the purple heather and the golden gorse, the lovely water-lilies glistened white in the sun; all the ambient air was filled with perfume, the first soft freshness of morning smiled over the land. A little boat was fastened to the trunk of a tree that grew close to the water's edge.

In the fragrant silence of the summer morning there came a faint sound of melody. It was a woman's voice, clear, full of music, with an undertone of passion, as though an imprisoned soul found its vent in song. From the dark glade between the hills the voice came sweet and thrilling.

The singer emerged from the darkness of the mountain gorge into the full light of the sun. She looked like the queen of mountain and lake. It was "Prince Charlie's" daughter—the child who had been named after the Beatrix Lennox who had won a king's heart—the child who had grown so strangely still while her widowed mother's passionate words were spoken as they left Erceldean—the little Beatrix whom bright, generous, faulty "Prince Charlie" had held in his arms and had remembered even in dying—Beatrix Lennox, a child no longer, but a girl in the full superb promise of magnificent womanhood—a girl of rare and dazzling loveliness.

She was a tall slender girl—slender, yet graceful and dignified—of perfect symmetry, and full of health; the rounded well-shaped arms were strong and muscular. Fresh air, plenty of exercise, and early hours had given to this daughter of a noble race health and strength that were beauty and fortune in themselves. Bright, brave, frank, and free, of royal grace and bearing, every movement instinct with harmony, Beatrix Lennox walked with dignity over the heather, singing as she went a martial ballad—one of the old stirring Border lays, telling of a minstrel who had fought like a hero for his country and then laid down his life in defence of his lady's honor—a ballad that told of

"Stuart and Graeme,
And Donald Ablain,

with other heroes whose names have never died.

The girl walked to the boat, and, unfastening it, jumped into it, then taking the sculls in her hands, she rowed rapidly across the blue waters of the loch. A face bewitching, wholly fair was Beatrix Lennox's—fair, patient, proud, with dark eyes full of veiled passion and fire, lustrous eyes with strange sweet depths and long silken lashes and straight, clear, frank brows—eyes so dark that they contrasted beautifully with the delicate fairness of the face and the sunlit lustre of her hair. She was simply, nay, poorly dressed; but her tartan plaid had some strange witchery in its folds, for never were royal robes worn with greater grace. On her head the girl wore a picturesque little cap.

She rowed swiftly across the lake, watching the light feathered spray as it fell from the sculls; then, when the other side of the loch was gained, she secured the boat, took from it a volume that she had brought with her, and sat down on the slope of the heathery hill. She laughed with a child's careless grace and simplicity.

"Now I am just as much alone as though I lived on an uninhabited island," she said. "I am Madam Alexander Selkirk, only that solitude is my choice."

She opened her book and began to read; the bees were humming over the heather, bright-winged butterflies rested on the golden gorse, the sun shone upon the open pages. She closed the book suddenly—it was *The Lady of the Lake.*

"Why need I read poetry," thought Beatrix, "when I am in the midst of a living poem? What printed words could tell a story one half so beautiful as that which I see? Ah, if any one in the world wants perfect happiness, they should spend a morning alone on Loch Narn!"

She had none of a girl's natural longing for companionship. She never once said to herself that the spot would be doubly fair if there was but some one with her to admire it. She was supremely content to be alone. It was strange to see how nothing feared her—even the wild birds whirled round her. She was indeed queen of that vast unbroken solitude.

She threw aside her book; with the sun shining on the waters of the lake, on the broad stretch of purple heather, on the golden gorse, on the distant hills, how could she read? "Prince Charlie's" daughter had a poet's soul. Keenly alive to all beauty, loving it with passionate love, she inherited the bright quick fancy, the brilliant, vivid, poetic imagination of her dead father. She looked around her, and then with a sigh of perfect content sank back upon the heather.

"My mother talks of drawing-rooms and boudoirs; I am sure that no room made by man could be one half so beautiful as this spot made by heaven. Who would exchange the purple heather for a carpet, or this grand chain of hills for the walls of a room that shuts out the blue sky and the fresh air? Sometimes I wish that these hills would close up together, so that we could never cross them nor leave their midst."

She turned her face to where the long line of distant sea lay white in the sun.

"What is the world like that lies outside of here?" she thought. "I hate it! I have never seen it, but I hate it! I hate the cruel heartless world which helped to kill my father!"

Fire flashed in the depths of her eyes, her face flushed, her hands were clenched.

"I hate it!" she repeated. "I would fain do fierce battle with it. Give me the mountains, the lakes, the blue sky, the fresh free air, the flowers that smile without betraying, the birds in whose sweet voices lingers and lurks no poison; give me the heather, the gold of the gorse, the stillness of the black tarns, the music of the woods—anything, rather than men and the world that they have made."

The sound of a bell tinkling across the lake aroused her. She sprang up with a smile from the heather.

"A morning gone," she said, "and gone in dreams! I wonder whether people live best in dreams or in realities?" She laughed to herself. "I talk of people," went on Beatrix Lennox, "and I know—let me see how many—I can count them almost on the fingers of one hand. I know my mother; I know Margaret Macpherson, our maid; I know the Reverend Doctor Stewart of Ersedale, and John March the butcher, who comes to the Grange once each week and brings with him a red-haired boy; I know old widow Campbell; and I know myself! I am Beatrix Lennox, 'Prince Charlie's' daughter; I have some of the best blood of Scotland in my veins, true Scotch fire in my heart. I am come of a race that dies but never yields—that is the motto of the house of Lennox; my mother says it was embroidered on every banner that waved in Scotland, 'Lennox dies, but never yields.' I could die more easily than I could yield."

She raised her proud head, and it was written in every line of her face—undying pride.

"Do I know myself?" she continued musingly. "Am I good or bad, as the world goes? What would worldly men and women call me—good or bad, I wonder? I am proud and passionate. Margaret says I have all the Lennox spirit and independence. Is it being independent to hate the world, to hate all falseness, all cringing, all fawning, all lies! I would not do a mean action to save myself from death. Is that independence? Or does Margaret think I am not good because I like to be alone? My mother says the men who ruined my father deserted him in his ruin. I prefer other friends. I love the flowers—they give me their beauty, their perfume, and ask nothing in return—they do not poison me if I kiss their sweet soft leaves. I like the birds for my friends—there is not one false note in all the songs they sing. Still Margaret says I should love all men. I should be sorry indeed to love men. Men slew King Charles; men slew the fairest queen of Scotland; men killed Marie Antoinette; men laughed while the fairest and noblest women in France laid their heads on the block. One little bird does not sing for joy when another dies—oh, no! I cannot help it—I do not like men; and I hate the world they have made.

She looked up with a frank, bright smile

"My list of acquaintances is not so great as I thought," she said. "I find that, after all, I do not really know myself. I have an idea that I am either very good or very bad—I am quite undecided as to which it is."

The bell rang again. Beatrix sculled herself across the lake, secured the boat, and hastened quickly through the dark hill-gorge. Before her lay the Grange. The dark eyes looked lovingly at the strange picturesque pile. One part of it lay quite in ruins, a crumbling mass of stones covered with ivy. Gillyflowers grew from the cracks in the wall, the stones were all covered with moss; yet for all that a certain air of grandeur lingered about the place. It looked like the ruined house of a goodly race; no plebeian, no *parvenu* could have lived there. The old stone gateway was half hidden by great clusters of scarlet creepers. The very sight of the ruined house seemed to warm the girl's heart as she looked. The leaves of the scarlet creeper fell on her in a shower as she passed through the ruined gateway. In the courtyard lay a broken sun-dial, and a fountain, long dry, stood in the centre. The ruin and desolation did not affect her; she murmured some words as she passed by the broken sun-dial, and turned to look at it, and then a low voice called "Beatrix."

A warm flush—evidently one of pleasure—came over the girl's face.

"Yes, mamma," she replied; but in the tone could be easily detected love, respect, obedience, devotion, sympathy. She passed quickly through the dark entrance-hall, and entered the only habitable room on that side of the house.

There sat Lady Lennox, who looked up as she entered.

"I grew lonely without you, Beatrix. It is not dinner-time yet but I rang the bell. The whole house seems to grow so dark while you are away.

"I wish you would come out with me, mamma; you would forget all about your sorrows before you had been one hour amongst the heather. Troubles fade in the light of the sun."

"The sunshine does not affect granite rocks," sighed Lady Lennox; "and my sorrows are so durable that they might have been carved in granite, Beatrix. I wish, my darling, that I could be a brighter companion for you."

She looked up with bright, flashing eyes.

"When have you heard me complain, mamma?" she asked. "I am happy enough."

"It is such a dreary life for you," the mother said, looking at the magnificent face and figure.

"It is a delightful life," declared Beatrix Lennox. "I only wish, my darling mother, that you were one-half as happy as I am. I love this life, its liberty, its freedom from everything human. There is no gossip of such a kind as you tell me fills the world, no idle chatter. I call this life, mother; living in cities filled with men I should call death."

Lady Lennox looked anxiously at her daughter. She caressed the lustrous hair, she kissed the fair proud face.

"Beatrix," she said gently, "sometimes, do you know, I fear that I have done wrong as regards yourself?"

"How, mamma?" was the startled question.

"My darling, when I left Erceldean, my heart was broken. I detested the world and everything in it. I was wretched, and I said hard things of my kind. I thought cruelly of every man and woman created."

"They deserved it," said Beatrix. "In your sorrow and your desolation they never came near you."

"No, but I was too hasty. It is but natural that people should love best those who stand in the sunshine and shun those who are in the shade."

"Natural!" cried Beatrix indignantly. "Then, mamma, pardon me if I despise such natures."

"I have learned to make allowances—to grow tolerant—since then," said the gentle lady; "and I am afraid, Beatrix, terribly afraid, that I have taught you to dislike instead of love your fellow-creatures."

She looked up with the frank smile which made her so irresistible.

"What I have heard of my fellow-creatures has not disposed me to love them, mamma. I have read of more cruelty than mercy, of more dishonor than honor, of more falsehood than truth. You told me to search history for heroes, and I did so."

"Well?" said Lady Lennox anxiously.

"It was not well, mamma. History showed me always the same story—the strong triumphing over the weak, might over right. It showed me men greedy for fame, for gold, for blood—men cutting down each with sharp swords and sharper tongues—men mad with pillage and plunder—men whose hands were red with innocent blood. Oh, mother mine, if you wish to make any one love men, close the pages of history!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN APRIL DAY.

BY CLARA J. MOORE.

The April rain falls slowly,
Like tears that follow sighs,
And fleecy clouds glide lightly
Over the azure skies;
The soft south wind is wooing
The pale ox-malis vine,
Dallying with its tendrils
As trustingly they twine.

The East a rainbow spanneth,
Promise of watchful love—
A glowing, gorgeous banner,
That fairies might have wove
With rays of gold and purple,
With emeralds' flashing light,
With tints from deep blue sapphires,
And hearts of rubies bright.

From sward that spreads before me
The crocus lifts its head,
And pale and starry flowers
Peep from their wintry bed;
And o'er the latticed trellis
The clinging vine doth creep,
While down amid the mossy turf
The harebell lies asleep.

I love the gentle April—
Her soft and balmy sighs;
Her smiles are oftimes tearful,
But hope's in her earnest eyes:
Sweet in truth is the lesson
That grief may learn alway,
For, ever, weeping April
Is followed by joyous May.

The Fairy Gifts

The prettiest girl and the poorest in all the country was Nora Mac Shane.

Sure you should have seen the blue eyes of her and the long black lashes, and the hair that curled and kinked over her white forehead, and the pink cheeks with dimples in them, and the chin likewise.

And wouldn't she have looked well in the fine clothes she never had at all, at all and the jewels that my lady at the castle hung about her yellow neck?

But the child had never had a decent frock to her back, and for the most part she went barefooted.

Only on Sundays she'd put on the clean calico and the leather boots, and go to church; and for all their feathers, there wasn't one to match her.

Moreover, she could read her prayer-book like a lady, for the old grandfather had been a schoolmaster once, and he did be taching her.

Yes, and she knew figures, too, and where the countries was across the seas.

God bless her!

It was a bit of a shealing they lived in, and the old grandfather and grandmother was both too feeble to do aught, and she wrought for both.

Day by day she toiled in the fields or in a farmer's kitchen; and penny by penny she brought home the money that kept them all alive.

In winter it was not so aisy as it was in summer; but it was when quarther day came about and the rint was to be paid, that her heart was the sorest; for thin came the agent.

Tom McDonnagh, a crooked, brown fellow, the hardest agent in the country, and held out his ugly hand for the money as though it grew on a blackberry bush.

Small blame to Mike Mc Mahon for setting the dog on him one quarter day.

But some way or another, Nora managed to pay her rint until the grandfather fell sick, and there was the doctor's stuff, and all, and then the rale bitter poverty fell on the house—God help all in it—and hunger watched at the door, like a wild baste, and all the dacent things went over to the pawnbroker at Derry-down; and Nora's cheeks grew thin and pale, the next quarther, and the hard agent coming fast and sure,

"Twould be better if I'd die," said the old man.

"Och," cried the old woman, "spare your life till we can give you a dacent burying. Never wan of us had a poor funeral yet; kape you from that same."

And maybe 'twas just the pride kept him alive at all; for none of us like to be buried poorly.

It's not in nature.

And with that Shela McDowell, sitting in the door, gossipping, cries out—

"Send you may have luck like Widow Burns. Don't the fairies send her her rint every quarther, since the old man died?—and there's lame Barney Rudd. Och, but the fairies do be putting a shilling or so under the stone of his door every Saturday, since the hour he broke his leg. And there's Hogan, when his cow died, and his motherless baby hadn't a sup, didn't the price of the cow come to him unknownst along the crack of his door? The good people is busy in this place this winter."

"And we heard naught of it," says the grandmother.

"'Twas kept quiet a while," said Shela; "but it came out after church last Sunday. Widow Burns began it, and the rest went on."

And with that she told just how the money had come, and how they said 'twas because the agent was that cruel and hard, the fairies pitied the poor folks.

"It's black McDonnagh's hardness did it all," says Shela; "and maybe the good people will come to you."

Well, Nora heard the story, and sometimes she believed it and sometimes not.

But when the rint-day came about, and she hadn't a penny, she thought about it more and more; so that when crooked, black McDonnagh stood at the door holding out his hand, she burst into tears.

"God knows where I'll get it, unless the fairies give it to me," said she.

He laughed.

"Perhaps they will," says he. "I'll call to-morrow and see. I'm hearing fine stories of the fairies nowadays, and you've got a fairy spring beyant. They say money's to be found there, if you ask the good people at midnight, and then turn the biggest stone you can lift. It will lie under it. Ha! Ha!"

Then he went away.

"Mocking the poor will bring ill luck on black McDonnagh," cried the old wife.

"But it's what they say of fairy springs," said the old man.

And Nora said to herself—

"Right or wrong, I'll try it. I'll go to the fairy well to-night, and ask the good people, and turn the stone."

She never touched the bed that night, though she pretended to go to it.

But when the old people were sound asleep, she opened the door and slipped out.

It was twelve o'clock, and the moon shone round and yellow over the hills, and over her head a great star like a jewel burnt and shone, and her white feet pattered over the green grass down to the side of the fairy spring, and she stood by it.

She stooped down and dipped her hand in it, and cast the water over her left shoulder.

"Give me my wish, good people," says Nora Mac Shane.

And then, shaking with fright, she turned the big flat stone at the spring over on its side, and then she gave a shriek, for under it lay a bit of a bag tied with a string, and lifting it, she felt the weight of the silver in it.

She sat on the grass and poured it into her lap.

There was the rint and to spare—enough besides for many a bit of mate and sup of brandy for the old man.

And when she'd done crying she went into the house, and she paid black Mc Donnagh next day.

And he asked with a laugh—

"Did the fairies give it ye?"

And she answered—

"They say the fairies help the poor when they are in hard hands, Mr. McDonnagh, and I begin to believe it."

He didn't laugh that time.

"Maybe his conscience smote him," says the old wife.

But however it was, from that day there never was real want in the shealing, and before rint day Nora always turned the stone and found the bag of money.

"God grant I'm doing no wrong," said she, over and over again—for her conscience troubled her.

But she could not refuse the fairy gifts when the old folks needed them so sore; and a year went by and she needed nothing.

And when the old man died there was enough for a dacent funeral at the fairy spring; and so when the old wife followed him.

And then Nora was alone, and she made up her mind to go out to service, for it was lonely and sad in the shealing now, and maybe not safe for a girl to live there alone.

But before she went she must bid good-bye to the fairy spring and thank the good people for all they had done for her, though she had promised herself never to go there again to ask a fairy gift.

It was night.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and there was a moon again, but Nora wore the dacent black frock she had bought, and had shoes on her white feet.

She went out of her door softly, and glided like a spirit down to the side of the fairy spring.

She was light on her foot, and the grass was soft, and whoever and whatever it was that knelt by the stones of the spring did not hear her coming; but when she saw it—a dark figure crouched low—she stopped and slipped behind a tree, and there she stood, her heart beating like mad, and thinking to herself

"I'll see the good people now, maybe; and will I live over it?"

The moon was under a cloud that minute, but the next out she swam into the blue, and by the light Nora saw what it was stood by the spring—a little man, crooked and dark, who thrust his hand in his bosom and drew out a bit of bag that jingled as he touched it, and put it to his lips and kissed it as if it was a woman's cheek, and hid it under the stone, where often and often she had found that same, or the like of it, to help her out of her sorest trouble.

Black Donnagh, the hard agent, no less, with a look on his face like the look a woman gives her baby.

And all of a sudden Nora knew the truth, and the tears were in her eyes as she rushed from behind the tree and stood before him

"May God forgive me for the thoughts I've had of you, Mr. McDonnagh," said she; "and God bless you for all you've done. May the best wish you have come to you, and angels make your bed in heaven evermore."

And then Mr. McDonnagh, turning his face away, said:

"I've done but little, girl, and I know you'll keep my secret. I'm not the hard man you think; but I'm an agent, and must do my duty. If I were aisy, sure you know yourself how many would impose on me; so I pretend to be hard, and play fairy o' nights for the sake of those who deserve better. As for you——"

He then paused and looked at her: and sure his lip trembled and his eye grew dim.

"As for you, Nora," says he, "it's different from the rest. I'd give you all I have, and thank God that I might do it. Ever since I saw your pretty face and watched you—good, honest and true as you've been—I've loved you. But the hard agent, that frights the children with his ugly looks—crooked, black McDonnagh—with nothing about him for a girl to like, knows better than to ask the prettiest girl in Derrydown what she thinks of him. I'm not the man a girl could love, I know, Nora."

But with that she stood before him, frank and fearless,

"The best man she ever knew; the man whose right hand did good, and never let his left hand know it; the man that loved her—wasn't that the man a girl would love, handsome or not, Mr. McDonnagh?" says she. "Only no man would ever put her to the shame of saying so without being asked."

He didn't—you may be sure of that, and it wasn't the bag of money he kissed the next time he kissed anything at all, at all!

And so Nora married the hard agent, black McDonnagh, and people say 'twas for his money, and many is the hard name they call the two in Derrydown.

But, mind you, the fairies keep on at their work yet, and never a father falls sick, or never a cow dies, or a barn burns, and never a hunger stands at a dacent man's door, but the fairy money lies at it too, and saves them from the wrath of the hard agent who comes with the dawn of rent day for his money, and laughs at their stories of the good people.

A HEALTHY tramp, about fifty-four years old, but looking to be not more than forty, was in St. Peter, Minn., recently, who has been on the tramp for thirty years, during which time he has been in almost every inhabited part of the world. He is represented to have been of a respectable German family, the son of a Surgeon-in-Chief of a German army, and to have left home when partly demented because his family would not permit him to marry a peasant girl.

HITCH two horses nose to nose and they immediately begin chewing on each other's mouth and head. The cause must be in their relative position, or perhaps it is some sort of a natural law, for if we watch carefully these nights we may see young couples hanging over front gates in the moonlight, biting at one another in precisely the same way.

THE best education is that which a man shapes for himself, by his own bent of mind in reading, and the thorough and untiring study of men, papers and books.

LITTLE EMELINE.

A True Story.

BY ALICE.

While in Rhode Island last summer I visited a small, quiet village named in honor of that charming little singer, the Nightingale. Elder B——, the pastor of the only church there, was the father of a bright, interesting little blue-eyed girl named Emeline. Every pleasant morning Elder B—— would take little Emeline by the hand for a walk. As from my chamber window I watched them on these pleasant occasions, strolling along hand in hand, with Fido and the pet lamb frisking about their feet, I could not help thinking, "What a delightful picture for an artist!" An atmosphere of love always seemed to surround them. This Elder B—— decidedly and emphatically disapproved of artificial flowers or bright hues of any kind in dress; so little Emeline was always rigged in grave colors, with her bright eyes and cherry cheeks peeping out from under the plain Gipsy bonnet, over which a straight gray ribbon passed and tied under the dimpled chin. Nevertheless little Emeline was a great admirer of all the forbidden hues, and often begged her papa for two little pink shoes, or just one "yed yosy" for her Gipsy.

One Sunday morning at church I noticed how earnestly little Emeline watched her playmate, Nannie Baker, whose pretty new hat was completely encircled by a wreath of pink roses. Though Nannie's peepers closed under her pretty hat, and she soon lay fast asleep, little Emeline's eyes were wide open, fixed in admiration at the lovely picture before her. At the close of church she walked home by my side in silence. I took dinner with the family, and after grace at the table, when the Elder asked little Emeline what he should help her to, she immediately answered:

"Some pretty yed yosies on my Gipsy, like Nannie Baker."

"Ah! there's the peacock in that little heart," replied the Elder, looking down into the earnest, upturned face.

Endeavoring to comprehend her father's remark, she placed her hand on the grey dress, over her beating heart, and said:

"Me finks it's a dear little goslin wivout any feavers."

The Elder then turned his attention from his little daughter to me, or rather, as I imagined, to the bright pink bows on my head and on my bosom, remarking that the peacock in the heart would at all times manifest itself by hanging out or spreading its gay colors.

Just then I felt my cheeks tingling as if they were trying to vie with the ribbons in brightness of hue. I said nothing, but my sympathies were all with little Emeline, who had, unobserved, slipped out into the garden, and just then returned with her apron full of small stemless roses. She minded not the scratches on her little fat hands, so earnest was she to get the roses for her bonnet. I assisted her in making a wreath for the face and crown, and, placing the decorated hat on her head, led her to the mirror. She was delighted, and, clapping her hands, insisted on kissing the little girl in the glass, who looked so lovely to her. Indeed, she could not be induced to remove that gay little Gipsy, until at night-time when she folded her tiny hands to repeat, "Now I lay me." Then her father rocked her to sleep, telling her a pretty Bible story that she seemed to comprehend, and singing to her a sweet song of Zion.

In a day or two I again called at Elder B——'s, and found little Emeline ill. Although everything was done that love and kindness could do, yet in one short week those little scratched hands lay folded over the quiet heart, and the loving lips that had so pleadingly asked for "yed yosies" were silent forever. I thought, as I saw a tear roll down the father's cheek as he took a farewell look at his little darling, that his heart was doubly pained by the remembrance of the many childish requests that he had so conscientiously denied her.

I almost daily visited her little grave, and always found thereon fresh roses, or other bright flowers.

At the close of the summer I called to say good-bye to Elder B——, and just as I was leaving he brought out a box, silently lifting the lid for me to look therein. There lay the little Gipsy hat, the faded roses clinging to it just as the dear little hands had placed them. I remarked: "These flowers will never revive, but your precious, withered floweret is blooming in new beauty in the garden above, and though to you this life has lost much of its brightness, yet there will now always be one more object drawing you Heavenward.

A PLEA FOR THE DEVIL.

BY CELANIRE.

These are the days of humane institutions. We have societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, cruelty to children, and the like. Why doesn't somebody start a society for prevention of cruelty to the devil?

Poor old Satan! Ever since the world began imprecations have been heaped on his head. He has been called the father of lies, the cause of our first parents' fall, the tempter of men to wicked deeds, and in short, the origin of all evil. The more upright men are, the more they hate the devil and his works; and the very angels of heaven—his former comrades,—will fraternize with him no longer. What wonder then, since every creature's heart is hardened against him, that he should grow to hate all created beings? What wonder that, in sheer recklessness and desperation, having nothing more to either win or lose, he should try to do all the harm he can?

Poor fellow! He was not always so wicked. Once he held a princely rank among the angels whose delight was to serve their God; and he stood high in the favor of all the heavenly host. But desire of power led him to aspire too high, and he fell from heaven, a victim to his own perverted ambition.

Since then,—oh! well, the poor devil has had a hard time of it. On every side he meets only hatred—fierce, bitter hatred; even the most wicked men profess to detest him. Never a helpful, loving hand reached out to aid him in being better; never a single kindly word spoken in his defense.

Will nobody have pity on him? Surely he cannot be quite lost to a sense of right and justice. Nothing made by God ever loses altogether the blind longing to struggle upward to its Creator, and certainly Satan's intellect is strong enough and keen enough to show him, through these long centuries, that he is on the losing side, if not the wrong one.

But perhaps the day will come when some strong, brave soul will find its way to the infernal regions to convert the devil. And perhaps (who knows?) there will be a time when poor old Satan, quite worn out by the buffetings of so many centuries, may be glad to come to the ever open arms of love and mercy,—glad to espouse the cause of right, and become the foremost worker for peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

News of Interest

—Boston has over 200 churches.

—American varnish is now sold even in Paris.

—The bicyle is becoming popular in Boston.

—A 13-year old boy in Macon, Ga., weighs 201 pounds.

—Paper car wheels are made in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—The Earl of Derby's income is rated at $10,000,000 a year.

—Not a savings bank in Michigan has suspended since the war.

—There are 85,880 persons in the civil service of the government.

—France exported over 16,000,000 bottles of champagne in 1877.

—Peers in the British House of Lords take three holidays a week.

—A light mulatto girl in West Baltimore turned jet black within eight years.

—Russia has 34 inhabitants to the square mile, while England has 389.

—Austria can put in the field for war purposes a standing army of 800,000 men.

—Water-gas is being pushed as a probable substitute for coal gas for public illumination.

—It appears by a recent report that 88,000 children are employed in factories in Germany.

—Railroad building in South America and along the Spanish main seems to be very active.

—A brother of the late Vice President Wilson still politely opens the door for visitors to the Senate.

—The 800,000 inhabitants of Philadelphia occupy 153,000 dwellings, spread over 130 square miles of ground.

—Mr. Kimball, the debt lifter, has helped in a few months to raise $1,500,000 for the payment of church debts.

—A brother of Senator Blaine, who only slightly resembles him, helps to fold speeches, etc., in the document room.

—For the great prize for choral singing at the Paris Exposition five hundred choirs (10,000 voices) are already entered.

—A convert in Chesterfield, Conn., was baptized on Sunday, and on Monday absconded with fifty dollars of the pastor's money.

—The revolutionary excitement throughout Russia continues unabated, and there has been serious rioting in most of the large towns.

—At Carondolet, a suburb of St. Louis, Mo., a son has had his widowed mother arrested for stealing a $150 tombstone from his father's grave.

—Benjamin Franklin, in 1789, left $5,000 for a fund to make loans to young mechanics. The fund is now two hundred thousand dollars.

—Governor Emory, of Utah, believes that feminine extravagance has already checked the growth of Mormonism and will eventually kill it.

—A Japanese laborer receives 1,000 "cash" a day, and he can get a satisfactory meal for 40 "cash." By the time he has saved 100,000 "cash" he owns $10.

—The plaintiff and defendant in an English chancery suit, after being reduced to poverty by paying costs, committed suicide recently while the case was still on trial.

—St. Isaac's Church, St. Petersburg, which was nearly 50 years in building, is one of the most remarkable of modern temples. It cost nearly as much as all the churches in England.

—Custom forbids Turkish Sultans to wear any article of dress twice. From cap to slippers he must be clothed anew each day, and the worn clothes are relinquished to an attendant.

—Lord Kinsale is the only peer who can remain in the presence of the British Sovereign with his head covered on occasions of state. The privilege was conferred by King John in the thirteenth century.

—Edward Wheeler, who died in Nashua, N. H., worth $11,000, was unable to take his money with him, but he came as near it as he could. He ordered the expenditure of the whole amount on his funeral and tomb.

—Wild chickens, numbered by thousands, are hunted as wild game in Comanche county, Texas. A few years ago a large number of domestic chickens were deserted for some reason by their owner, when they took to the brush, and the woods are now full of wild chickens.

—A number of men called for oysters in a Flushing (L. I.) saloon, recently, with the understanding that he who ate the least should pay for those eaten by the others. One John O'Brien proved himself the champion. He swallowed 250. Payment fell upon John Brady, who was equal only to 35.

—The Omaha *Herald* tells a very pathetic dog story. Together with his master the dog was lost for twelve days, on the plains, without food, and both were reduced to a skeleton, when a cow-boy found the dog and threw him some meat. Instead of eating it he carried it to his master, who thus was found.

—Many Russian officers wear bullet proof cuirasses underneath their coats. Some of these guard only the chest, but others, in two sections, cover the stomach, and are said to be in no way inconvenient. The cap has also a band of the cuirass material within its lining. The loss of officers in the late battles has been much smaller, compared with the numbers engaged.

Spots Upon the Sun

do not visibly diminish the brilliancy of that luminary, but spots upon the face, neck or arms materially detract from female beauty. Fortunately LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH banishes all such defects and renders the complexion clear and spotless. Sallowness, pimples, blotches, freckles and other disfigurements quickly disappear under its magical influence, and the texture of the skin is wonderfully improved by its use. It is an indispensable adjunct of the feminine toilette.

THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

BY JAMES HUNTER M'CULLOCH.

Ye heroes who fight,
Ye genius who write,
Unto my advice give ear:
For evil and foe
Why far away go?
You'll always find both of them here.
The very best place, the very best place,
The very best place is here!

When ripe for the fray,
Why will ye delay,
To win the green wreath for your brow?
If ye dwell on your aim
'Tis flyaway fame;
Take sight and shoot quick at her now!
The very best time, the very best time,
The very best time is now!

Since small things and great
Are equals with fate,
Who is lord of the why and how,
Let's live while we may
A year in each day—
And let it be here and now!
The very best place, the very best time,
Is sure to be here and now!

THE

Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER II—[CONTINUED.]

Dorothy was very down-hearted about the coming parting. So she said—

"It's the first break in the family; and, although Molly will be as happy as a queen, we shall never have such fun again. One of us will be gone."

"I will try to take her place," promised Graham. "Though I know I am very stupid and don't understand all your ways, still I shall soon learn to——"

"Oh, yes, I know!" laughed Dorothy. "To flirt and all that kind of thing: and then you will be running away and there will be another blank!"

"Take care you don't do so yourself. Remember you are to meet Prince Charming at the Yeomanry ball."

"Ah, the Yeomanry ball!" sighed Dorothy in a sleepy voice, which gradually got fainter, until her cousin perceived that she was sound asleep.

The next day Molly was kept a close prisoner. The afternoon Dorothy and Graham spent walking up and down the path speculating on the issue of the day. Nell came in and said her mother was getting up.

"She looks awfully ill, but I've been persuading her to go. We must have her out of the way to-night. If she is with the Dragon he cannot well blame her. Listen! there he is!"

Presently a maid came to tell Dorothy that her father wanted her, and Nell went to help her mother to finish dressing. Graham was not long left alone, for Constance and the twins came in from school, quickly followed by George and Bobby.

"Oh, Graham," exclaimed Bobby dolefully, "I've had such a loss to-day!"

"What was that?"

"I've lost every marble I had in the world, and I'd fifty-six when I went to school this morning; and then we played for my knife, and I lost that."

"Oh, you little gambler," laughed Graham, "and you only seven years old!"

"I'm eight," answered Bobby proudly; "but I am sorry about my knife."

"Never mind—I'll buy a new one. See, here is half-a-crown. Get one with that."

"Oh, Graham!" screamed Bobby breathlessly.

"There, there! Some day I may——" Her sentence remained unfinished, for at that moment Nell came running in.

"Who wants to see mother dressed?" Of course they all did, and they trooped off to the drawing-room, where she was waiting for the carriage.

"Oh, aunt Gertrude," exclaimed Graham, "you do look lovely!"

"Nonsense, my dear!"—but the faded beauty glowed up at the pleasant words of praise.

"Oh, but you do indeed! None of the girls can come up to you—not one."

"Gertrude, Gertrude!" was shouted up the staircase.

The pleased look vanished, and was replaced by one of nervous fear, which as she hurried away certainly added ten years to Mrs. Wyvill's appearance.

"Poor mother," said Nell, "what a life!"

"Take my advice," counselled Dorothy impressively, "and never marry a man called George, lest he should turn out like the governor."

When half an hour had elapsed, they considered they might safely let Molly free. She was hurried down the centre staircase and placed before the nursery fire.

"Why, she's as cold as ice!" exclaimed Graham, rubbing her hands. "And, now I think of it, I don't believe she's been to bed."

"No, I haven't," said Molly: "the bed was not made."

"Upon my word, I think uncle George must be off his head!"

"Of course he is," commented Dorothy, who, as usual, was attending to the creature comforts. "Now come to the table and get a good meal, Molly—that will keep you up better than anything. I should fancy Jack will be here soon. The window is not open; you open it, Nell."

"I will," said Graham, "Nell is cutting some tongue."

Whilst they were making merry over the tea, Francis came in and was hailed by all, clamorous to know if he had seen Jack.

"Yes; he is just in, and will be here in five minutes. Get another cup and saucer and a plate. Nell, we must not let the servants see Molly."

Almost immediately Jack was heard and admitted; he brought with him a large parcel containing the dream of Molly's life—"a fitted sealskin down to her knees."

"Oh, Jack," said Molly rapturously, "it's just what I've been longing for! Isn't it lovely?"—turning round slowly before her admiring relatives. "A fitted sealskin," she murmured, "and down to my knees!"

"I thought she might be cold travelling," said Jack; "and I find I've made a good bargain by getting it at this time of the year. How have you got on since I left?"

"I've been locked in the blue room, with only bread and water, except what Dorothy threw up to me at the window. They've only just let me out."

"Who?"

"I think it was Dorothy. The Dragon didn't know we had another key."

"What a joke! Well, now, darling, make haste; our train goes at ten, and Willy was ready when I called. You must get through your farewells quickly."

Molly was instantly surrounded. Francis and Jack went up-stairs to bring her trunk down and place it on the box of the cab that was waiting just outside the Court; and then Dorothy came up tearfully to Jack as he stood in the hall.

"You'll take care of her, Jack?"

"Trust me," he answered, lifting her up bodily—"trust me, sister Dorothy; it shall not be long before you see her again."

"Farewell, my children—Heaven bless you!" said Francis tragically; so after all they left with a laugh.

"Now then, girls, look alive! Lock the door of the blue room and give me the key; but first put a chair against the window, which you must leave wide open. I will go and unbolt the garden door."

They quickly gave the room the appearance of having been hastily left, and then retired to bed, to await in fear and trembling the discovery. Shortly before midnight Mr. and Mrs. Wyvill returned. The two girls listened breathlessly as the rustle of Mrs. Wyvill's silken skirt sounded on the stairs and along the corridor. She stopped for a moment at the door of the Blue Room, but did not speak. Presently her husband followed, and he also in his turn came to a standstill at the door of the prison. Unlike his wife, however, he rapped loudly on the panel.

"Now for it!" whispered Graham.

"Molly," demanded the harsh voice, "are you awake?" Of course there was no answer. "Have you any food?" he continued. "Ah, madam, you will not answer? I will starve you out of this new obstinacy!"

As his footsteps died away Graham gave vent to an agony of smothered laughter.

"Oh, Dorothy," she exclaimed, "that man will be the death of me! However shall I face him in the morning? I shall be dying with laughter."

"Then it must be inwardly," returned Dorothy; "for, if he finds out that we know anything about it, our lives won't be worth that!"—giving her cousin a little pinch.

CHAPTER III.

When the Misses Wyvill came down on the morning after the flight of their sister with Jack Lacy, they all looked pale and, as their brother Francis told them, "most awfully washy-washy."

"You'd better take the head of the table, Dorothy," said Nell. "Mother's not getting up."

"And all of you make a good breakfast," added Francis; "for goodness' knows when we shall get another decent meal—perhaps not for weeks."

"Oh, I say!" cried Graham Falconer in a dismayed tone.

"Ah, you may well say 'I say'!" laughed he. "I should not wonder if we get well smacked all round and locked up in separate rooms and be kept on bread and water for a week."

They made as much fun and merriment as they could, though each one was on the *qui vive* for the explosion which must soon come. Presently it came. Their father's heavy footfall sounded above and descended the stairs. Dorothy gave a little choking gasp ere the door opened.

"Where is Molly?" was the stern demand.

No one spoke but Graham, who with the boldness of her race said—

"I don't know."

"Do you know, Francis?"—Francis shook his head. "No."

"Your sister has left my house, I presume, for that of Mr. Lacy," said Mr. Wyvill. "For the future I have no daughter Mary— you no sister. I forbid the slightest communication between her and my household, under pain of my heaviest displeasure."

And without another word he left the room. As he did so, Dorothy laid her head on the table and burst into a violent passion of sobs.

"Don't be so silly, Dot," cried strong-minded Nell; "it will blow over. I expected a much worse commotion."

After a while Dorothy raised her head. "If he had been more angry, I should have had hope; but now I am certain he will never forgive her."

"Molly won't care for that," said Graham. "At least I should not, under the circumstances."

Presently Mrs. Wyvill came in, asking, "Is this true, children?"

Francis drew her into a chair.

"Yes, mother," he answered tenderly, "it is quite true; but we can tell you nothing but that Molly and Jack were married by special license last night, and that Molly was very grieved not to say good-bye, though it is only for a few weeks."

"Your father has forbidden me to allow them to enter the doors," she said wearily. "Those were his very words."

"Then my dear mother you can let them in at the window!" Francis laughed.

Mrs. Wyvill smiled in spite of herself.

"Jack is a dear fellow," she said; "and I cannot blame Molly."

"I wouldn't try if I were you," remarked her son. "Now suppose you put on your things and go for a walk with the girls."

"Oh, I couldn't dear! I have so much to do—and your father would think it so strange."

"My father!" muttered Francis impatiently. "What does not my father think strange? Are you going out, girls?"

"Oh, how I should like to do so," exclaimed Graham piteously. "I don't think I have ever stayed in so long at once before. I am choking for want of a good blow."

"Shall I give you one?" said Francis, raising his hand above her head.

Graham made a saucy little curtsey.

"I very much fear that after such a good blow as that I should be a thing of the past. Really, though, I do want to go out. I must do some shopping; and I should like to go upon the 'Ramparts.' I saw them as I came in, and they reminded me a little of Ordmore." Here she sighed—a little sigh that told a tale of home-sickness.

"You are pining to be back in your sea-castle," remarked Francis rather bitterly; "and I don't wonder. We are more like a den of roaring lions than educated, civilised human beings."

"Yes, I should like to be back at the Castle," said Graham frankly. "But I would not go back for choice unless I could take you all there with me."

"Is that true?" asked Dorothy eagerly, laying her pretty slender hand on her cousin's shoulder.

"Quite true," answered she. "I could not give up your love now. You don't know how greedy I am of it, though I have been here so short a time. But, oh, this house is so stuffy, and I do so long for the salt air beating about my head! Come—let us see if the 'Ramparts' will not drive my headache away."

The three girls went up the broad staircase together, linked after the loving fashion which had so won Graham's heart.

"What shops do you want to go to?" asked Nell.

"The milliner's and draper's—and, oh, have you a decent dressmaker here? But I should like to go for a walk first if you do not mind."

They were soon ready and out on the 'Ramparts,' where a fresh breeze was blowing, much to Graham's gratification. From this part a good view could be obtained of the town; and the Scotch girl began to think that her hitherto unfavorable impressions of it were mistaken. On this morning it appeared to especial advantage.

The grand pile of the old Cathedral lay white and stately in the light of the mellow September sun, and scattered here and there in humbler beauty were the various parish churches. The extreme whiteness of the stones was the chief characteristic of the sleepy old town. The roads, pavements, and most of the houses had all the same cleanly appearance. The broad river Idle, crossed by several handsome bridges, flowed through the city like a stream of liquid silver. Without the "Ramparts" the country was fair and picturesque; and, whilst Graham was declaiming upon the contrast it presented to Highland scenery, they perceived a party of soldiers below who were engaged in outpost duty. Graham watched their various manœuvres with intense delight. That kind of thing was rather stale to the Idleminster belles, who did not understand it, and whose interest in soldiers stopped with the officers; Graham, on the contrary, though she had never seen anything of the sort before, grasped the situation in a moment.

"Don't you see another party of soldiers far away to the left?" she cried, shading her dark eyes with one little hand, and pointing with the other. But the Wyvill girls, unaccustomed to making good use of their eyes, could not distinguish anything. "Well, they are there," Graham went on, "and they are guarding the road leading into Idleminster. Those below are keeping this outlet; and I've no doubt that on the right there is another troop. Now look—can you not see a single horseman coming along the road, just by the house with the verandah there? He is bringing a message to the officer in command of this troop. Did I not tell you?" she said, laughing at her cousin's bewildered faces as she turned away. "I shall often come up here to watch them."

The girls had not perceived two officers in undress uniform who, like themselves, were watching the proceedings of those below; and when they did, somewhat confused they hurried away in the direction of the town.

"By Jove, what a charming girl!" said one to the other.

"The one in blue?"

"No, the black one. She is perfect. She can't belong to this hole. Look at her walk—and what a deliciously fresh voice, and what heaps of sense!"

"Pooh!" returned the other indifferently. "She isn't a patch upon the other. The one in the blue dress is something like—there's a *physique* for you!"

"I don't care for your broad-set women," said Graham's admirer. "I wonder who the black one is?"

"Oh, it is easy enough to find out!" replied his companion carelessly.

Meanwhile the three girls made their way along St. Thomas Street while Graham made a number of purchases. On their return homewards they met a young clergyman, who hailed them with—

"Well, Miss Wyvill, that was a pretty business yesterday, was it not? Good morning, Miss Nell. I suppose this is Miss Falconer. I'm afraid, Miss Falconer, that you have made acquaintance with Idleminster under very unfavorable circumstances. I should say storms have been prevalent since your arrival."

"Prevalent," laughed Graham; "that is far too mild an expression. They have never ceased."

They all laughed at this; and then Dorothy asked—

"And how did Molly behave? Was she nervous?"

"Not a bit of it. She might have been married ten times over, from the calm dignity with which she comported herself."

"And Jack?"

"Oh, Jack was as happy as a king! I went to the station, and saw them safely off. They went to London, and Jack thought they might probably cross to Calais to-morrow. He wanted to get to Paris as soon as possible—something about the *trousseau*."

"Won't Molly revel in clothes!" laughed Nell. "You must know, Mr. Blake, I cannot think of Molly as a married woman—it seems too absurd."

"She's married safe enough. But I see your father coming. I must be off." He was off without ceremony; and the girls sped homewards like so many frightened hares.

"That was a near shave," gasped Nell as they reached the door. "I wouldn't have had the Dragon catch us for the world."

"You are, without exception, the very queerest family I have ever met with," remarked Graham pertly.

Nell picked her up bodily.

"Put me down!" shrieked the heiress of the Falconers.

"Will you make any more insulting remarks?"

"No, no—only put me down; uncle's coming."

The individual in question was not coming, but Graham made escape without any more undignified treatment.

A fortnight passed over with unusual tranquility. Mr. Wyvill was much quieter since he had driven his eldest daughter by such harsh measures to forsake her home. The family saw very little of him, and his wife grew brighter and more cheerful in consequence of the unaccustomed peace which prevailed; at the end of that time he went to Edinburg on business connected with his ward, where he remained for several days, and, after being a week in Idleminster, he went to London to attend a sitting of the Commission on Ecclesiastical Vestments.

At last the night of the Yeomanry ball arrived—and great indeed was the excitement which took possession of Wyvill's Court. Graham entered into the spirit of it more heartily than any one; she acted as maid to Dorothy and Nell—and well might she be proud of the manner in which she turned them out. The shimmering white silk set off Dorothy's fair, delicate style of beauty to perfection, and the long garlands of purple violets relieved the costume from insipidity; while Nell's sturdy handsomeness was well displayed by the rich and peculiar dress she had chosen.

"I expect you will both slay a dozen hearts at least," said Graham, when they were waiting in the drawing-room for the carriage. "Which do you think looks best, aunt Gertrude?"

"I really don't know, dear; they both look very nice."

"I think both dresses suit them splendidly," said Francis. "I shall be obliged to give you each a dance."

"As if we'd dance with you, you silly boy!" laughed Nell.

"Don't be impertinent," answered Francis in a dignified tone; "remember I'm the head of the family—at least the heir-apparent. Don't you wish you were going, Graham?"

"Not much; you see I might have to dance with you."

"Sour grapes," returned her cousin. "Ah, my child, depend upon it, you will never——"

"There's the carriage," interrupted Dorothy. "Now, then, let me help you with your cloak, mother."

In a few moments they were all safely packed in; they drove off waving adieus to Graham and Conny, who had come to the door to see them depart. In less than ten minutes they were entering the brilliantly-lighted ball-room.

CHAPTER IV.

The Idleminster Assembly Rooms are considered to be the best out of London. They form a complete chain of apartments—first the great ball room, to the left the refreshment-room, to the right the drawing-room, and through folding doors at the end to the large supper-hall. Branching off here and there are numerous small boudnoirs and nooks where, half-hidden by ferns, flowers, or draperies of silk and lace, couples may hide away as couples at balls are so fond of doing. On the occasion of a military ball the rooms appear to much greater advantage, for, besides the usual decorations, there are added huge devices wrought in swords or carbines or bayonets, as the case may be, and the supper-table displays the mess-plate, which in many regiments is very handsome.

When the Wyvill party entered the rooms, they were already well filled, and a more brilliant scene could not well be imagined. The rich dresses and flashing jewels of the ladies were almost equalled by the blue and silver uniform of the Yeomanry and the scarlet and gold of the Dragoons, the Militia, and the Volunteers. Here and there were the imposing dress of a Staff officer and the crossed facings distinguishing a Lancer. Black coats were in the minority, and, as usual at a military ball, pink dresses most numerous.

"Look at that fat woman in pink," said Francis Wyvill. "Should you think she will get through the evening without an explosion?"

"Who is that in white and diamonds," exclaimed Nell, looking in an opposite direction—"just across there, with all the lace on her dress? It's Molly—it must be! I couldn't mistake her."

"By Jove, so it is!" declared Francis. "Mother, let me take you to her.

The greetings were as fervid as so public a place would allow. Molly almost cried with joy at meeting her dear ones again.

"Ah, mother," she whispered, "I am so happy! I have only one wish ungratified—to have you to share my happiness with me."

"When did you come?" interrupted Dorothy.

"This afternoon. I wanted to come and see you, but Jack thought I had better surprise you here to-night. How did you manage to evade the Dragon?"

"He is in London. Oh, Molly, there was such a row the next morning! He is never going to speak to you again."

"I shall get over that," was Molly's defiant reply. "I had to choose between them—and I don't repent as yet."

"I should think not," said her husband, close behind her. "Francis wants you to dance this waltz with him. Perhaps"—turning to Dorothy—"you will condescend to honor me."

"As I haven't any one else, I will," she answered merrily as she took his arm.

They were soon in the midst of the giddy throng, and succeeded in reaching the other end of the room without a stoppage. There they rested, and Jack asked his sister-in-law what she thought of Molly.

"I thinks she looks exceedingly happy," was that young lady's reply; and she is dressed to perfection."

"She got that dress at Worth's," said Jack, watching his young wife critically. "It sets her off very nicely."

"She is the old Molly still, for all her lace and diamonds," said Dorothy rather enthusiastically.

At that moment a gentleman came up to Mr. Lacy, and asked for an introduction to his partner.

"Of course, my dear fellow!" said Jack heartily. "Let me introduce Sir Gore Fairlie, Dorothy. My sister-in-law, Miss Wyvill.

The usual bows were exchanged, and then the Baronet asked for Dorothy's programme. Whilst he was scribbling his name thereon he remarked—

"So you've been taking a wife since I saw you last, Jack. I congratulate you, more especially if Mrs. Lacy at all resembles this sister"—with a little bow to Dorothy; whereupon Dorothy blushed vividly, and turned her pretty blue eyes downward with the most charming air of meekness in the world.

"Thanks," laughed Jack. "The 'missis' is somewhere in the room, and she is something like this sister, only there is rather more of her"—with a happy laugh of proud possession. "Now, Dorothy, we are wasting our waltz. See you again, Fairlie."

They whirled away, leaving the young man watching them with a puzzled expression on his face.

"What's the matter, Fairlie?" said a tall man in Dragoon uniform, who had been surveying the scene with lazy indifference.

"I'm trying to think where the dickens I've met that girl before," answered he with a perplexed air, twitching his moustache. "I've seen her somewhere, and I can't for the life of me think where.

"Going to dance with her?" idquired the Dragoon.—"Yes."

"Then you might do a fellow a good turn. She's got a sister, a tall girl in black and silver—a regular stunner! By Jove, that girl does 'fetch' me!"

"Tell you what—I'll introduce you to Lacy. He will manage it.

"Who's Lacy?"

"Well, Lacy has just married another sister."

"Ah, thanks muchly! Is that the man you were speaking to? Then, now's our chance."

As the music ceased Jack and Dorothy crossed the room to where the others were standing, and Sir Gore and the Dragoon immediately joined them. After the introduction had been effected—Mr. Scott, for such was the Dragoon's name—requested the pleasure of a dance with Dorothy. Then, determined to conciliate the whole family, he preferred a like request to Mrs. Lacy; and whilst he was thus lingering Nell and her partner came up, so Sir Gore was enabled to do his friend the "good turn" ere offering his arm to Dorothy. Once fairly away from the group, Sir Gore began upon the subject which was puzzling him.

"Do you know much of Scotland, Miss Wyvill?"

"No," answered Dorothy, in her pretty, rather drawling voice. "I have never been in Scotland at all."

"No? Then were you in town last season?"

"No," said Dorothy, making a real Wyvill face. "Molly was—my sister, Mrs. Lacy, you know. She stayed with an old aunt—and that was how she met Jack. I was to have gone next season, but my father is so angry with aunt Grace that I fear he will not let me go."

"That is too bad." Then after a pause—"Do you know, Miss Wyvill, I have seen you somewhere before? I am certain of it."

"In the street perhaps," suggested Dorothy.

"Never was in Idleminster before. I am staying with the Bishop—he was my guardian, you know—and I got in only this morning. Besides, I've seen you in that dress before, somewhere. I remember the violets most distinctly."

"Oh, now I know!" said Dorothy, with a frank laugh. "It is my cousin Graham Falconer you are thinking of."

"Graham Falconer," exclaimed he—"is she really your cousin?"

"Yes—really and truly."

"Why, of course! She was at my mother's ball last summer, and she had on a dress like that."

"It was this very dress," said Dorothy, looking straight into his gray eyes; "my cousin gave me this dress."

"Because you tried it on and looked so charming in it?" interrogated Sir Gore rather awkwardly.

"Because," corrected Dorothy, drawing up her head with the true Wyvill gesture of pride, and looking more like Graham Falconer than ever, "my father would not give me a new one, and without this one I must have stayed home. There, what do you think of that?"

"I think you are a very plucky girl to own it so frankly," said the tall Baronet, looking down upon his partner with a dangerous expression in his eyes: "and I shall thank Miss Falconer very truly the next time I see her for giving me the pleasure of meeting you to-night."

"Yes," questioned Dorothy, in her own soft languid voice.

By this time they had come to a delightful recess into which Sir Gore drew his partner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, have issued another of their delightful little artist biographies, uniform in style and binding with the others of the series, and published at the same price, viz: 50 cents. This last work is the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the most eminent and interesting characters in the history of art and letters. Mr. Sweetser, the editor of all these compact and beautiful essays upon beautiful lives, deserves great credit for the admirable manner in which he has embodied all the piquant and telling points of artist life. The style is so clear, and the story so well told, that it reads as charmingly as a fiction. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Mr. W. W. Whitney, of Toledo, Ohio, has published "Joy Bells," by W. A. Ogden, a collection of sacred music. It is full of new and appropriate hymns set to sparkling and pleasing melodies. It contains 160 pages usual style, and sells at $3.30 per dozen, and 35 cents per single copy, board covers. Address the publisher as above.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, publish the 18th volume of their dollar series, called "The Matchmaker," a society novel, by Beatrice Reynolds, the famous author of Charles Anchester. The author holds high ground and treats her theme with startling clearness. One volume, red vellum, black and gold. Price, $1.00.

Messrs. Porter & Coates announce the fifth edition of that popular novel "On Dangerous Ground," which will contain the preface added by the author to the fourth edition. The merits of the book are so well known and its success so substantially proved, we can add but little to the encomiums it has received, for it is generally regarded as one of the best society novels of the day; and as a perfect delineation of American society especially, and thorough analysis of human nature, it has no equal. A novel so widely read, both here and abroad, must meet with an equally wide and varied criticism. The glamour which envelopes society, tints everything *en couleur de rose;* but when we see the realities which exist beneath the veil, reflected so truthfully in the mirror held up by the hand of the novelist, the critic's pen only too often defends those evils by misrepresentation, as well as a false interpretation of the motive which prompted the author's picture. "On Dangerous Ground" can be read with interest more than once, and that interest is increased by the preface recently added by the author. We quote the following from a contemporary, the *Day:*

A Key to *On Dangerous Ground.*—The popular novel, entitled *On Dangerous Ground,* which was written by a well-known Philadelphia literary lady of high social position, and published by Porter & Coates, of this city, notwithstanding all that unfriendly critics have said against it, has reached a fourth edition, and promises to outlive the youngest of its enemies. It has been read in every part of this country, and to no small extent in Europe; and, while it has been harshly criticized by a few, it has been highly commended by most of its critics. Such publications as the London *Quarterly Review,* and the *Cornhill Magazine* in England, and such journals as the New York *World, Evening Post, Herald, Home Journal, Evening Mail,* and the leading papers of Boston, Philadelphia and other American cities have signified their hearty approval of the moral aim and literary merit of this work, the demand for it has become general. Messrs. Porter & Coates having requested the author to write a Preface to the fourth edition of *On Dangerous Ground,* she has done so, and this preface may be termed a "Key" to the Romance, as well as an able defense of that work and its author's object in writing it. It is an excellent essay on the subject of the book, and a sufficient answer to all that the carping portion of the critics have said against it. The author, in defending her motive and her book, says:

The author wrote her story without sermonizing or moralizing, believing, as she religiously did, that she was developing some of those great truths that filled her own mind to overflowing, and hoping that the seed thus planted would spring up, blossom and bear fruit. "The best moral training is not that which diligently shuts out all knowledge of the world, but that which teaches self-control, ability to resist evil and cleave to the good, to fight and overcome temptation, and to be actively virtuous." The author dares to hope that many of her readers have found these lessons in her story. Still, as the impressions made by a book are as diverse as the minds of its readers, and as those impressions or opinions must necessarily depend upon whether the experiences of life have been broad or narrow, there may be some readers who have asked the question, "What is the use of writing of such evils, is it not better to ignore them?" This is the answer: "Vices laid open to the public cautery are in a much better condition for being cured than those which are permitted to fester in semi-secrecy for personal or class considerations."

We quite agree with this writer, and believe that to keep sin out of sight is not the best way to cure it. A man or woman who has never encountered and overcome evil is of very small moral account, and the best sermons are those which point out what is bad and dangerous, and teach how to avoid or conquer it. The book in question points out a dangerous indulgence, and, in showing its evil consequences, gives the most effectual warning possible to the reader to keep off the "dangerous ground," so plainly indicated. We are glad that this book has succeeded so well, and may congratulate the public as well as the author and publishers on the fact. Those who have not yet read it, should procure a copy of the book, which they can read with the preface, giving them a better understanding of the author's intent, and of the real merit of this excellent romance.

MAGAZINES.

Wide Awake for May contains "Classic of Baby-land," "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," versified and illustrated, "How the Froggies Go to Sleep," with five funny illustrations by Hopkins, a frontispiece illustration, "Dropping Corn," "Bobby's Shirts," "Left-Handed Luck." "The Child Toilers of Boston Streets," treats of the little Fruit-venders; and the two serials, "True Blue," and "A General Misunderstanding," are bright and alive with action and interest.

The English Literature paper relates to the "Early English Dramatists," and is full of curious facts about the theatres just before Shakspeare's time.

No XVII. of the Poets' Homes Series, is the most valuable article in this number, it being about Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Arthur Gilman, and is illustrated by a fine portrait of the poet from a recent photograph. It also gives a charming view of the study in his house on Beacon street.

Then there are "Rubber Boots," "A Child's Garden, "Clean Hands, Pure Lips," "In Galileo's Tower," "Daisy and the Puss-Baby," the "Fifth Misfortune of Miss Muslin;" besides the regular departments.

A good number.

Lippincott's magazine for May contains a rich collection of good papers. Edward King writes on Roumania "The Pivot of Political Interest in Eastern Europe." This article is illustrated excellently. There is a graphic and absorbing account of a trip over the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., called "A Mountain Holiday," also illustrated. The salient points of Colley Cibber's life are sketched by H. A. Huntington. G. H. Putnam describes the quaint streets and houses of Old York. A vein of true humor runs through Mary Dean's "Counterblast at the Married Folks." Frank Furness, the architect, of this city, in a paper "Hints to Designers," gives some advanced views of architectural theories. Charlotte Adams has a good paper on Gustave Courbet, the Communist artist. Mrs. R. H. Davis, in monthly-gossip, touches upon cremation; and Mrs. Lucy Hooper says something about Parisian theatres, and what she says may always be depended upon as first-class. Henry James, Jr., has a story, "Theodolinde." Dr. S. Wier Mitchell's story, "Hephzibah Guinness," is continued. Rev. Wm. R. Baker contributes a sketch, "His Excellency, Old Ugly;" and there is a neat story in verse, by Anna C. Green, "A Tragedy of Sedan." Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, the publishers, are wide awake as to the importance of making this periodical first-class.

Scribner's for May is replete with interesting matter and illustrations. The article on the New York Postoffice, by Edward Eggleston, is capital, and is richly and finely illustrated. His story of Roxy reaches chapters XXX., XXXIV, with an illustration. Maurice Thomson has an illustrated article on "Merry Days With Bow and Quiver." And there are also the following interesting illustrated papers: "Camps and Tramps About Ktaade," by Arbox Ilex. "Bird Architecture," by Thomas M. Brewer. "Our Pets and Protectors," by Wm. M. Tileston, and "Bohemian Days," by M. B. Wright. Hon. Bayard Taylor, the litterateur and diplomatist, contributes a sketch called "An Impossible Story." There are a number of fine essays and poems, and The Old Cabinet. Home Society, Culture and Progress, the World's Work, and Bric-a-Brac are all crowded with entertaining things.

The Popular Science Monthly for May has three illustrated articles: "How Sound and Words are Produced," by George M. Shaw; "The Signification of the Gases, II. by G. Tissandier, and a sketch of Prof. E. S. Morse. All the other papers are effective, the most brilliant of which are "The Radiometer," by Prof. Cooke; "The Question of Pain in Drowning," by D. R. S. Tracy, and "Personal Reminiscences of Some Deceased Savants," by Carl Vogt. Herbert Spencer continues "Evolutions of Ceremonial Government," and Prof. Thurston, "The Growth of the Steam Engine." This is a very fine number in every respect.

St. Nicholas for May is beaming, and full of pleasant things for the young folks; containing over a score of illustrated articles, and bright matter by the best writers. The poems are all good, and the comic illustrations full of genius. "The Silly Goose" has a funny drawing by Church. There is an interesting account of "How Money is Made," with a sketch of the Philadelphia mint by Schell, of this city, and numerous other drawings by the same artist.

Blackwood's magazine for April, re-published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, comes to us through Mr. W. B. Zeiber, of this city. The serial "Mine is Thine," is continued, and another called "John Caldigate," is commenced, and there is besides a short story or sketch showing how a turn of the wheel of fashion revives an old style, and makes it new again. Martin's translations from Heine are very good, and Austin Dobson has a sweet little poem, "To Ethel." "The Moor and the Loch" by John Colquhoun, describes salmon fishing and the shooting of such game as seals and eagles. Part XI of "The Storm in the East," discusses the events of the war recapitulated last month. It is an able and thoughtful number.

Appleton's Journal for May has a splendid article on "Rapid Transit in New York," by Wm. H. Rideing, full of illustrations, showing the Gilbert Road, etc. The continued novels, "Jet, Her Face or Her Fortune," by Mrs. Annie Edwards; and "By Celia's Arbor," are illustrated finely. There are two short stories of merit, one by Julian Hawthorne, and three poems above the usual average of magazine poetry. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper writes delightfully concerning the French pictures for the Paris Exposition. Appleton's is surprising itself this month.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1878.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

READ Old Martin's Whim.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM, by Mrs. Ward, is a masterly effort of a really gifted and powerful authoress to vindicate the justice of her right to an appeal to a popular verdict upon the merits of a work which the public crave as a necessity, and which everybody has acknowledged as not only a treatise upon morals and manners, but as a super-excellent literary production.

NOTHING can be so unfortunate to a person who craves books, papers and periodicals, as to be deprived of them. It behooves everybody, therefore, to take a public interest in the dissemination of such literary matter. Many a poor soul has found comfort in the perusal of such, who otherwise might have been drawn into low temptations and coarse and abnormal pleasures.

THE BEST OLEOGRAPHS are now in the course of publication, and these embody all the light and chiaroscuro and color of the finest and most artistic water color pencil drawings. Modern water colors possess a breadth and a dash which it is impossible to attain by anything like chromo-lithography, or engraving in color, and yet the oleograph is a complete reproduction of the water color picture.

IN respect to the all important matter of Spring dresses among our lady subscribers, we would say that of course two things are necessary now-a-days, and during the present depressed times, and these are, first, cheap dresses; and, second, stylish dresses. Now, in FASHION NOTES it is impossible to miss the importance given to both these *desiderata*. In this department of the Post the editor strives to give its readers the latest information as regards style, quality and price. There are also numerous important matters touched upon in Fireside Chat, which, as we have so often repeated it, would be wise for our lady readers to utilize.

OUR reading is seasonable, and in keeping with the demands of the Spring solstice. The charming new serials, "ENCKLEDEAN, OR THE PRICE OF A HEART," and "THE LOVERS OF ORMONDE," are excellent stories, and will be read by all of our subscribers with pleasure. They are, in fact, artistic works of fiction, and there is no gainsaying their value. The many communications we receive from our exchanges, and our subscribers, such as appeared in the last number of the Post, and appear in this, are candid expressions of approval as to the conduct of the paper, and show the unbiased opinion of our contemporaries and patrons.

IT seems to be the fashion among English critics to decry certain alleged defects of style in American books. Now, taken as a whole, the present range of English literature really contains nothing whatever in the way of style, unless one may except Mr. Matthew Arnold's masterly and clear essays, but in the way of general fiction and newspaper work, there is oftimes a curious melange of styles and phrases, which might cause Joseph Addison, were he now on earth, to grumble, and Mr. Blair, his disciple, positively to use violent language. The fact is that the English language has no fixed style. It is altogether a matter of fancy and dilletantism, when anybody attempts to criticise English prose one day or another, and if an author expresses himself clearly, he certainly ought to be awarded the laurels for sense, and not sound and form, to which so many of all authors condescend. If a writer expresses a thing clearly, his readers ought to be satisfied, for one of the most difficult things in literature is to be clear, succinct and strong, and the chief end of literature, we have always supposed, is to say something worth saying, and not to write a paper full of fine jargon which amounts to nothing but chaff. In this respect we think as litterateurs, we have a little more to say than our English brethren, and we try to say it in our own way, and that is the true end and aim of writing. If a person must write according to Blair's rules, and worship Addison as a model of style, Heaven help literature!

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Russian language is in high repute in England at present, for the number of students in that tongue has increased, and translations of a Russian Ollendorf are in vogue.

THE discoverers of a petrified crocodile at Como station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, received $2,000 from Yale college for the curiosity. If that is the exchangeable value of a fossil reptile, it would perhaps, pay to open a mine of such affairs, or start a manufactory for their production.

HERE is a pun—a cause (cow's) *célèbre*, as the French may say. A peasant agreed to pay another 500 francs for a cow, and the purchaser placed on a bench twenty 20-franc coins and a 100-franc bill, both together making the amount. While the seller was counting out the money the cow, whose stomach was impecunious and therefore yearned for legal tender, devoured it. The question was, who was to lose; and the judge decided that the buyer, who had held the cow by a halter when it snatched the bills, had not taken proper precautions, was negligent, and hence must pay over again.

A MAN aged 102 years died lately out West. He was born in 1776, and must have known a great deal about revolutionary events, but it unfortunately happens that this centenarian, not being of a literary turn of mind, left no record of his recollections. No doubt the fellows whole and only ambition in life was to outlive his neighbors and euchre grim death with a handful of trumps (not spades), and prove himself a living exception to the scriptural prophecy, and the proudest moment of this old duffer's life was, we infer, when he gasped his last breath and came in on a home run of 102!

THE great French painter, Bouguereau, will have a fine painting, in addition to two others, at the Exposition, called "Charity." A woman is seated in the centre of the canvas; on each side of her are Ionic columns, and the background represents marble. Her bare feet touch a Grecian vase, which is overturned, and which sheds golden coin. Three babes are in the woman's lap, two awake, and one dead weary and asleep. At her feet are two others, one of whom seeks to hide itself in the folds of the woman's garments, while the other reclines against a pile of books. This picture is most wonderful in touch, color and design, and is intended for an altarpiece, M. Bouguereau having made a good reputation in this specialty.

WE seem to have lost sight of Gustave Dore, the wonderful illustrator of Dante's Inferno and Don Quixote. This genius, it appears, after painting a number of superb pictures upon a large scale, some of the pictures being over life size, now attempts sculpture, and we believe will shine in the coming Exposition. Dore never did anything finer than Don Quixote and The Inferno. In fact, no artist of any age ever equalled the prodigious power which is seen in the drawings illustrative of L'Inferno. They are simply sublime, and if after producing them an artist sinks into a mannerism, it is no wonder, for we cannot understand how he can help it, having exhausted all the resources of execution and design in these weird and beautiful drawings.

THE announcement that the New York Coaching Club will visit Philadelphia, and drive the entire way, four-in-hand, will bring back pleasant reminiscences to many an ancient inhabitant who was familiar, years and years ago, with no other means of locomotion. The Coaching Club expect to make the journey in seven hours, with twelve relays. Surely there is something very exciting and picturesque about the stage-coach and its surroundings, and De Quincy in his admirable essay on the English mail-coach, says very truly, "The inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and the master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforward travel by culinary process, and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart shaking when heard screaming on the wind, and advancing through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way forever to the pot-wallopings of the boiler."

IT appears the marvelous phonograph machine is to be utilized in more than one delightful way. It is to be the fashion during the coming winter season to have one of those affairs at every party or sociable, to take the place of the "funny man." A number of jokes, puns, witticisms, and nonsensical utterances are to be first spoken to this mechanical parrot, and kept until the company assembles at supper, when the jokes are to be let loose by the simple turning of a crank, and the festivities heightened by this repetition of side splitting remarks and buffoonery. This is so much better than a live personage in a claw-hammer coat and white tie trying to be ludicrous, that it commends itself at once to society as an agreeable innovation. But it may not be able to sing a comic song as well as the aforesaid personage, or make remarks about the weather, &c. Science will try to remedy that however, and at no distant period we may probably dispense with all kinds of individuals at a party except the eaters and the dancers, and have all the talking done by a series of phonographs,—which apparatus will chatter gossip about dress and climate, and innuendoes respecting certain persons in the room, scandal and small talk, quite as well and quite as entertainingly as is now done by the live men and women who go to such gatherings for such purposes.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

[CONTINUED.]

"Vous le voyez, dit-il," avec la misanthropie que l'amertume de ses derniers malheurs lui avaient donne, "Jean Jacques ne peut meme se cacher; objet de curiosite pour les uns, de malignite pour les autres, il est pour tous une chose—publique que l'on se montre au doigt. Encore s'il ne s'agissait que de subir l'indiscretion des oisifs! Mais dis qu'un homme a eu le malheur de se faire un nom, il appartient a tous; chacun fouille dans sa vie rencontre ses moindres actions, insulte a ses sentiments; il devient semblable a ces murs que tous les passants peuvent souiller d'une injurieuse inscription. * * * * On regardait chez moi par les fentes, et l'on me calomniait; j'ai ouverte portes et fenetres, afin qu 'on me connut, du moins, tel que je suis.

—"EMILE SOUVESTRE."

Rousseau's experiences are repeated in lives which are comparatively obscure, as the compiler will show in examples of the nature of the incidents given in the criticisms upon "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," as personal experiences of its author. The incidents selected for this purpose from these profound reviews are chosen as having had a slight foundation in fact. The other anecdotes, queries, etc., had no basis whatever, but were fabricated to suit the purposes of the tale-bearer and the anonymous critic. The compiler feels the need of apologizing for introducing such absurd personalities, but they may be made useful to the reader in two ways. First, by demonstrating how truth can be turned into falsehood, and even courtesies metamorphosed into rudeness, when it suits the purpose of a tattler or an anonymous critic to do so; and thereby those who are prone to listen to gossip may, in future, be led to question its veracity, and to practice that charity which thinketh no evil, and believeth no evil report that is not confirmed by their own observation.

Again, there could not be better illustrations found to show the need of that *esprit de corps* in society which the compiler has pointed out in one of her chapters on "Home Culture," and which if maintained would prevent the recital of such absurdities, or at least would prevent them from being credited as facts. The compiler hopes that these incidents will not only amuse but instruct, and that hereafter whenever stories are circulated with the evident purpose of reflecting discredit upon those of whom they are told, the recollection of these fictions, published as facts, will arise to enforce the practice of that *esprit de corps* which our best society ought to take pride in maintaining. Before quoting from the newspaper gossip, one incident is given as showing how a lady has it in her power to silence at the start a falsehood put in circulation concerning a friend.

"Have you heard of Mrs. Blank's last rudeness?" asked one lady of another. "I do not know whether I have heard what you mean," was the reply. "A gentleman who is an architect called upon her and found her engaged with a member of her family, to whom she said (entirely ignoring the presence of the caller), 'Don't disturb yourself, it is no one but an architect.'"

"Ah, and you who know Mrs. Blank believe that she could commit such a rudeness? I do not, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of asking her if there is any foundation for it."

"How can I help believing it, when it was the architect himself who told me?" was the answer.

The lady kept her word and made the inquiry, finding that the architect had called at Mrs. Blank's house upon business, and entering the breakfast-room unannounced, had stepped back when he saw it occupied. Mrs. Blank invited him to enter, saying, "There is no one here but my son," to whom she immediately introduced the newcomer, distinguishing him from another Mr. Dash whom the son knew, as Mr. Dash, the architect. The lady represented as pretentious, supercilious, purse-proud, and unworthy, had never lost an opportunity of showing her friendship in substantial ways to the young architect who so maligned her, until convinced of his unworthiness of her friendship.

It has been said to be the peculiar privilege of ingratitude to wound hearts that have learned to harden themselves to the hate or contempt of men to whom no services have been rendered; but certainly, if the tie be only one of mutual service, baseness on the part of the one or the other should keep even ingratitude from being wounding to the one who received it.

There is a large class of persons who, unknowingly to themselves, help to keep up both gossip and faith in gossip. They refrain from putting it in the power of their friends to deny these rumors; partly from fear of getting into trouble themselves or being called mischief-makers; and partly from pure indifference to the good name of the one whom they profess to regard as a friend. It is a custom of gossips, slanderers, and tale-bearers to call those persons who have moral courage enough to help a maligned woman face her accusers, mischief-makers. But no gentlewoman would ever abuse such a proof of friendship as to give the name of the friend who kindly put it in her power to contradict a scandal or deny a falsehood. She would show herself so wanting in the first principles of honor if she could do so, that she would be unworthy of friendship in any form. Who is there that would not a thousand times over rather face a scandal at its start and put it down, than to let the ball go rolling on until it became too large to manage. Before all tribunals save those of the "Femgerichte" and of society (our modern inquisition), the accused is allowed to know something of the nature of the charges brought against him, but when he is made acquainted with them by any of the members of either of these associations, the hue and cry of treachery is raised. Why is it that so many men and women have no idea of the true meaning of the word treachery?

It is not treachery when a woman raises her voice in denial of the false accusations made against a friend, and who, when evidence is brought forward that she cannot rebut, still feeling more confidence in her friend than in the evidence, goes to her with the frank statement of the charges, and asks for the truth. This is not treachery nor mischief-making. The mischief-maker invents her tales, or repeats that worst kind of a tale—half truth and half fiction,—and returns to report its effect, maliciously distorting all that she has elicited from its object.

As long as it is in the interest of gossips and scandalmongers to put down true friendship with the cry of "mischief-maker," so long will the true friend have need of moral courage to be worthy of an exalted friendship; and, in the meantime, they who are of sufficient importance to be the subject of gossip, will be able to distinguish between the true and the pretended friend by a very simple test; for it is the latter that always asks the question, "Who tells you of these things?" instead of asking for the correct version of them. Let the reader remember this test, for it is an unerring one. A true friend wishes to put down at the start any story calculated to injure the character of his friend, just as he would one concerning a member of his own family; and the strength of the friendship may be gauged by his promptness in putting it in the power of his friend to crush a slander. When a man hears any slander of his mother, his wife, or his daughter, he does not say, "Why do people bother me by running to me with such frivolous stories?" He knows the value of character, and they who steal his gold are in his eyes far less criminal than are they who would rob his dear ones of their most precious possession.

The compiler thinks that the man who could wilfully and intentionally stain the good name of another by misrepresentations of character is a man not to be trusted with the gold of another. As surely as he would rob of the one would he rob of the other if he felt equally sure of being undetected. Women who delight in slander and gossip are despicable characters, but there are human beings who are even more contemptible, and they are *the men* who delight in it.

Incidents published as facts in a review of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," under the heading of—

"AMERICAN SOCIAL SETTLERS."

"Some years ago a lady of great gentility, quite a leader of fashion, desired to have a beautiful young lady at her soiree, and in sending her an invitation added, 'I shall be most happy to see your brothers,' thinking that she had two brothers. It proved to be a mistake, as she had eight brothers, all of whom accepted the invitation, while the young lady declined. The lady who had invited them was alarmed at the number of the brothers, and wrote to the sister recalling the general invitation and describing one of the brothers, whose name she did not know, but who had a very *distingue* air, and whom she would be glad to see at her soiree. This was high bred and in strict accord with the best usages of the most polite European circles.—[*Evening Bulletin*, Feb. 15, 1873.

THE TRUE STATEMENT.

A Mrs. Blank, who had sent out invitations for a ball, received on the day following three or four cards with names of persons on them who were unknown to her. One of the companions of her daughter dropping in, this lady said to her, "Do you know who these persons are?" handing her the cards. "Certainly I do; they are the cousins of your daughter's old school-mate, Mrs. ——." Whereupon the lady had notes of invitation despatched to the young lady and to two of the brothers whose cards had been left. The following day the friend of her daughter returned to say, that the old school-mate having received no invitation thought the one intended for her husband and herself must have been sent to the mother of these young persons, and that they had called in acknowledgement of it. At the same time the young lady made quite a point that the invitation should be sent for, on the ground that it had been delivered to the wrong person. The lady inviting refused to do this, and thus drew down the published misrepresentation of the occurrence. The young lady and her brothers attended the dance.

SECOND INCIDENT.

"A leader of fashion was about to give a ball. She met a young lady, a stranger in the city but a previous acquaintance of her own, in the street a few days before the party took place. Says she (the leader, I mean): 'Miss So-and-so, I shall be happy to see you at my ball next Friday.' Says Miss So-and-so, 'Mrs. Leader, I shall be most happy to come.' The evening arrives, Miss So-and-so goes to the ball, and goes up to salute her hostess. 'I did not expect to see you here,' is Mrs. Leader's freezing response to the salutation. 'And why not?' 'You never wrote me any acceptance of my invitation.' 'You gave me a verbal invitation, and I returned a verbal acceptance,' was the guest's reply. Only a leader of fashion, an authority on points of etiquette, ever did, or could, or would administer such a correction.—[*Evening Bulletin*, Saturday, Feb. 23, 1873.

FOUNDATION FOR THE INCIDENT.

Mrs. Blank, whose invitations were out for a small dance, met in the street a young lady from Washington whom she knew, and invited her to come to the dance. The young lady expressed her regret at not being able to remain until Friday, saying that she was to return to Washington on Tuesday. When the evening of the dance arrived and this young lady came, the hostess, agreeably surprised, said, "I did not expect to have the pleasure of seeing you this evening."

THIRD INCIDENT.

Etiquette forbids a lady to accept a courtesy of any kind from a gentleman who has failed to call upon her after "regretting" an invitation. An intimate friend of the writer called some time ago at a music store to purchase a number of tickets for a fashionable concert. After selecting the seats, the lady asked for the tickets and told the clerk to send to her husband's office for the money. The clerk, unable to recognize the plan of settlement, demurred, and the lady repeated her request. The clerk, not knowing the lady, could not deliver the tickets without payment, and she was much annoyed and embarrassed. Meantime a gentleman who had been quite an *habitue* of her house, but who had not called recently, stepped forward and quietly, and as he thought politely, offered to put his purse at her disposal for the emergency. The lady, who was thoroughly schooled in all the points of exact etiquette, turned toward him and with a genteel and haughty smile asked, "To whom am I indebted?" The gentleman wilted and retreated, offering no apology beyond the reply, "One whom you well know, madam"—which all must admit was an unpardonable breach of etiquette.—*Evening Bulletin, March* 1, 1873.

EXPLANATION OF THE INCIDENT.

Mrs. Blank called at a music store to purchase tickets for a concert, and finding that she had not the necessary amount of money with her, requested the clerk to put them one side for her, giving her name and direction to be placed on the envelope which enclosed them. A gentleman who was present stepped forward and introduced himself as Mr. E—— R——, an old schoolmate and friend of the lady's husband, offering to pay for the tickets that she might take them with her. The lady expressed her pleasure at meeting for the first time one of whom she had often heard her husband speak, but declined his kind offer.

Query. "Is it etiquette for ladies to stop young gentlemen in the street and introduce themselves, and then tell the gentlemen that they will be happy to have them call upon them?"—*Evening Bulletin*, Feb. 22, 1873.

Cause: The same middle-aged lady met frequently in her walks a young man who revealed so unmistakably the instincts of a gentleman in invariably recalling himself to her recollection by bowing every time he passed her, that one day she stopped him, saying, "Won't you kindly give me your direction, as I am about sending out invitations for a dance, and although I remember you were at my last dance, I also hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at this one."

Still one more incident is given (by request of a distinguished lawyer of Western Massachusetts) which did not appear in print, but which, together with the story of the architect, and with a third that the compiler includes, reached the native place of the author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," through members of the best New York society, who fully credited them because of the supposed authenticity of the source from which they were received in the locality where the authoress of "Unsettled Points" resided. "The sneak thieves of society," as they have been aptly called who take the gold from a character, not only robbed this woman of what is of most value in a character, but held her up as the reverse of what she really was, until all, excepting those who knew her, believed her to be that which she was represented as being in these invented and misrepresented incidents. Had these actions died out as they ought to have done, and as they would have done had it not been for the want of that *esprit de corps* in society complained of by the compiler, it would not have been necessary to have taken this public notice of them, but spreading as they have done far and wide, from year to year, having a new resurrection from time to time, this resurrection too being of such a nature as to bring up the dry bones of alleged shortcomings in a leader of fashion of a past generation, and affixing their stigma upon a woman of our own time who has no aspirations for leadership, it becomes a duty to deny them and to expose their origin.

Shakespeare, in words of wisdom as golden as any from the pens of inspired prophets, wrote:

"Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Let all who care for their good names, either as authors or as citizens, combine together to check the anonymous criticisms and tales which slander and defame writings and characters, and pursue the social and literary sneak thief as they would the thief of their purses. Then the time will come when men and women will not be so unjustly robbed of that which money cannot buy.

INCIDENT AS NARRATED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS LAWYER.

Mrs. Blank gave a large ball, and during the evening went up to one of her guests, Mrs. Goodgold, who was in every way the equal of the hostess, in birth, position and character, and requested her to leave, as no invitation had been sent to her. Mrs. Goodgold replied that she had received the invitation, but left as requested, and upon her return home dispatched a servant with the invitation that she had received from Mrs. Blank.

[Probable explanation, which the Massachusetts gentleman has requested may be introduced here by the compiler.]

Many years ago a lady who was very hospitable, and who had the gifts which enabled her to make her home a charming social center, had the misfortune to have this identical story set afloat about her, reflecting great discredit upon her breeding and her early training. The story has now been revived, years after her death, and the stigma of it affixed to another lady in the same city, thus giving testimony to its probable falsity in the first instance.

INCIDENT INCLUDED BY THE COMPILER.

A lady stopping in the native town of the author of "Unsettled Points" stated that Mrs. Blank always left her carriage at the corner of the street when she called upon her, as she did not wish to have it recognized standing in front of the door of a small house.

EXPLANATION.

Mrs. Unjust, who told this story of an old and warm friend, did both herself and her friend great injustice by attributing a small and mean motive to an act which necessity alone occasioned. The first time that Mrs. Blank called upon Mrs. Unjust (after she moved into a small house in a very narrow street) Mrs. Blank's carriage stopped at the door; but when she left, she found her carriage waiting for her at the corner. Inquiring the reason, she was told that the coachman had to back out because an oyster cart had come in from an opposite direction, as the street was not wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other. Afterwards, Mrs. Blank ordered her coachman to wait at the corner. The visiting eventually ceased, owing to this and other stories having been put in circulation by Mrs. Unjust.

Enough incidents have now been given to point the moral and adorn the tale which the compiler has been led (most reluctantly, however) to prepare, with a view to calling attention to the manner in which stories originate, as well as to the injustice which we do to each other by giving credit to them, and the part we take in lowering the tone of society by spreading them. It has been seen that not only did Mrs. Blank never send home any one from a party in her house, but that very probably the incident was a fiction in the life of the lady (Mrs. R——) who was first accused of doing so; or at least that there might have been some explanation of the seemingly inexcusable rudeness, had it ever been put in the power of Mrs. R—— to contradict it, although she possibly might have been deterred from making any explanation from the feeling that it was beneath her dignity to do so. There is too much of this feeling in society. If we look at it but a moment, we shall see its hollowness. When our caskets of jewels are broken open and rifled, do we consider it beneath our dignity to pursue the thief and demand their return? And if our character is really more to us than our jewels are, we will not sit down folding our hands and saying, "It is beneath my dignity to do anything towards restoring what I value more than life itself." On the contrary, no means will be left untried for the recovery of our good name and the conviction of the robber. When one generation of children has been trained to place the right estimate upon character (the foundation of which is truth), then we may hope for less gossip and slander; for if the sneak-thieves of society were followed up by all those whose characters they seek to defame (as they would be, were all men and all women equally sensitive to stains and slurs cast upon a good name, instead of feeling wrongs, rudenesses and insults in proportion to the fineness of their moral fibre), fear would check both gossip and slander. As long as men follow up the robber of their gold and leave the robber of their character unmolested, so long will that carnival continue so well described by the poet:

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew.

It is not enough that the anonymous critic and the tale-bearing individual are told that "he who repeats a slander shares the crime." Seared consciences are not touched by proverbs and truisms. Bolder steps are necessary to defeat their ends. The first duty of every one who calls himself a friend is to defend the absent one. No tie is worthy of being called friendship which does not lead one to the defense of an absent friend; and there is a second duty which is not less binding where the friendship is of long standing, or a worthy one, and that is to put it in the power of the one traduced to deny the slander and to counteract the influence of the slander. While "it is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression," mercy needs to be fortified with justice quite as much as justice needs to be tempered with mercy. We are not to put ourselves on a par with the base by hating them; but while passing over the transgression from a social standpoint, we are to concentrate all our powers to the effort of counteracting the influence of the slander.

"Life is the seed time of eternity, and whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But for this promise, what heart (or brain) that would not grow faint when putting forth its feeble efforts against the powers of evil, remembering how might triumphs over right, and how calumny pursues its victims beyond the grave! But Life is the seed time, and Eternity brings the harvest. We have ever before us the inspiring example of the Master, who forgave his enemies and maligners, although he did not forget the insults and indignities he had received at their hands. Indeed, we are nowhere told that it is our duty to forget them. Rather should we remember them long enough to use them for our own good and for the good of others.

Thackeray said in one of his papers: "I have a story of my own, of a wrong done to me as far back as the year 1838; whenever I think of it, and have had a couple of glasses of wine, I cannot help telling it. * * The wound begins to bleed again. The horrid pang is there as keen as ever—that crack across my heart can never be cured. *There are wrongs and griefs that can't be mended.* It is all very well to say that this spirit is unchristian, and that we ought to forgive and forget, and so forth. How can I forget at will?"

And how true this is to nature! A woman may forgive even those who have, by a prolonged and systematic public persecution, placed her morally in a pillory, where, to quote again from Thackeray, she has been "hooted with foul abuse and assailed with the garbage of the gutter," until, could she have had her choice, she would have preferred to have been burned alive rather than to have endured it; but she cannot forget such an experience, try as she may. Whenever the action of the brain becomes over-stimulated by any cause whatever, she will live over all the memories of the past connected with it, rehearse them and dwell upon them, although it may be that "nothing but happiness has grown out of her past suffering," and "no sore spot is left in her heart." She may forgive entirely, but like Thackeray she cannot forget. She may even go out of her way seeking for opportunities to return good for evil, to extend a courtesy in return for an insult regretted by its bestower; but forever will the memory of such a gigantic wrong loom up in the past to throw its shadow over the sunniest plains of her life.

Think for one moment, Reader, what it would be if you, or it one dearer to you than yourself—your wife, your daughter, your sister, or your mother—were placed as a target for the arrows of envy and malice to aim at; if she were held up by the public press (yes, and by a private press* also) as the reverse of what a wife, mother, sister or daughter should be, and beaten with the coarse, heavy bludgeons of ridicule until blacklegs and gamblers pointed her out in the street—not as the woman you knew her to be, but as the one she was publicly assailed as being? Could you forgive such a wrong done to one who was dear to you? Would you not feel that there are some wrongs which, while they are left in God's hands to deal with, still call for zeal upon your part to go and them in behalf of others? There is a great truth in the doctrine of vicarious suffering. If by the sufferings of one, many are saved from enduring similar agonies—if the experience of one can be used for the benefit of many—then has that one not suffered in vain.

The compiler closes her article this week with an editorial from *The Day*, a paper the motto of which is the motto of all chivalric souls—"Truth without fear." It was written at the time of the local excitement produced by the scandalous nature of the anonymous reviews of "Unsettled Points," and deals with their effect upon the community where they were published, under date of June 4, 1873:

GLASS HOUSES.

"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

"Who would live in one if he could help it? And who wants to throw stones?

"But who lives in anything else now-a-days? And how much better off are they who never threw a stone than the rude mob who throw them all the time?

"It is becoming a serious question what shall be done, or rather what can be done, to secure to fastidious people some show and shadow of privacy in their homes. The silly and vulgar passion of people for knowing all about their neighbors' affairs, which is bad enough while it takes shape merely in idle gossip of mouth, is something terrible when it is exalted into a regular market supply from all who wish to print what the community will read.

"We do not know which is worse in this traffic, the buyer or the seller; we think, on the whole, the buyer—he who reads.

"That there are here and there weak fools who like to see their names and most trivial movements chronicled in newspapers, cannot be denied. But they are few. And their silly pleasure is very small in the aggregate compared with the annoyance and pain suffered by sensitive and refined people from these merciless invasions of their privacy.

"Think of the vulgarity of the filing and its impudent ignoring of the most sacred rights of individuals. But things have come to such a pass already that to point out to the average American that it is vulgar, and also unwholesome, to devour with greedy delight all sorts of details about his neighbors seems as hopeless and useless a task as to point out to the curtle-eater or the whiskey-drinker the bad effects of fire and strychnine upon mucus membranes. The diseased palate craves what has made it diseased—craves it more and more and more."

The above quotation is from a little book published in Boston, entitled "Bits of Talk About Home Matters."

We give it a place because of the argument that it contains against the pampering of the gross appetite for scandal that disgraces our community, hoping to bring it home to every man and every woman in such a way as to cause them to set their faces against farther encouragement of the vice.

The appetite for scandal has been so whetted that the demand is greater than the supply. Food must be manufactured, if it cannot be otherwise obtained. People do not seem to be aware that when once calumnies are invented, circulated and enjoyed concerning any one individual or family, that it is as when the torch of the Communist is given to the breeze—all who are objects of envy must suffer in turn, so long as the flames riot unchecked. It will be long before the various scandals now revived and gloated over in the parlors of our women, and in club rooms of men, will again sleep the sound sleep from which they were aroused. Scandals have had resurrection that were buried so far out of reach that in another generation would have entirely passed out of memory.

Every one has heard now all about the peccadilloes, and the imprudences, and the unlawful loves and the commercial dishonesties, and the political treasons, and the breaches of trust of those who have had the shadows of such realities pursuing them for years, and still the unlicensed, unbridled carnival of calumny continues; the riotous mob cries for more victims. And every one has listened to the details of how some of the worthy grandmothers of the present generation coined by the sweat of their brows the money by which they were able to bestow upon their descendants the education which fitted them for the society that they now adorn; and how illiterate but energetic grandfathers fought hand to hand with poverty, struggling to keep the wolf of starvation from their doors, until by long and untiring effort the success of their children and their children's children was secured. But alas! not in a kind spirit, nor from the point of view they deserve, have these antecedents been overhauled! The demon of Envy has pursued one after another of these objects until no more are to be found, and still a demoralized public cries for a fresh supply.

It is only within the last *ten* days or so that a postoffice official is said to have exercised his judgment and withheld from delivery numerous newspapers containing full and revolting accounts of almost forgotten scandals, which had been mailed to the nearest surviving relative of the subject of them. Can any one be found who will not admit that those who

"Carry tales about,
Have done more mischief in this world of ours
Than the assassin's knife or poisoned bowl!"

Those who have been sustaining and encouraging these poisoners and murderers among us never could have realized how subtle were their arts, nor how, when their own backs were turned, the potion was mixed and the knife whetted for them.

When we recall the glass houses which, with ordinary care, might have sheltered their owners, but which have been demolished by the rebounding of the missiles aimed by their occupants at others who remain unharmed, and the still larger number of shattered dwellings where lived those who enjoyed the sport of seeing mud and stones thrown at their neighbors' houses, we cannot but acknowledge that they deserve their fate. You who live in glass houses *never throw stones*, and you who throw stones because you have no houses to shelter you, not even of glass, read the words of Casimer Perier when he was accused of being an aristocrat:

"My only aristocracy is the superiority which industry, frugality, perseverance and intelligence will always ensure to every man in a free state of society, and I belong to those privileged classes to which you may all belong in your turn. They are not privileges created for us, but by us. Our wealth is our own—we have made it; our case is our own—we have gained it by the sweat of our brows or by the labor of our minds. *Our position in society is not conferred upon us, but purchased by ourselves—with our own intellect, application, zeal, patience, and industry.* If you remain inferior to us, it is because you have not the talent, the industry, the zeal, or the sobriety, the patience or the application necessary to your advancement. You wish to become rich, as some do to become wise, but there is no royal road to wealth, any more than there is to knowledge."

Stop throwing the stones, and our word for it, you may, by the same zeal and energy applied in some worthy direction, become in time one of those who do not lie so low upon the ground that no stones are aimed at them; but, instead, one of those envied aristocrats against whom stones will continue to the end of time to be hurled, thicker and faster the higher they ascend, by the rabble who can neither pull them down nor keep pace with them.

Next week the compiler will deal with a more dangerous kind of "Anonymous Criticism" than that which she has been treating, and show how some book notices are written.

*In this instance a song was composed and a circular distributed to hundreds by post, and left under the doors of our citizens, all slandering the author of "Unsettled Points."

THE SEA.

BY CHAS. S. LARNED.

Who by the sea has not heard the bell
Of the mermaids dreamfully ringing—
Low, and tunefully ringing!
As if in a valley far down in the swell
Of the dark, tumbled waves, there was singing!
Lone mourners around
A purple dusk mound,
Where the West was buried with dreaming!

Ah! the sad stories these spiritful waves
Oft moan to the pitying moon—
The dipping and kissing pale moon!—
Of fathomless, dark and awful still graves,
Where maidens lie tangled atone,
In long, oozy weed,
While high overhead
Sounds the wail of vast waters amoaning.

No wonder the sea is dreary, and wide,
With the soul's sad thoughts of the dead—
With longings to know of the dead.
And that the bright sky lies down by its side,
Its colors of gold-tinted red!
Oh! sirens below,
Ring very low,
That the soul grow not weak in its dread.

CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

The next few days pass very slowly, and without anything of note happening. Nothing has been heard from Bertie since he left, and Miss Priscilla is in a white-heat of curiosity to know the cause of his silence; but Clare has been moving about the house like one in a dream, scarcely knowing what is passing around her, and not sensible of either pleasure or pain. She smiles and laughs as often as ever, but her merriment is so evidently forced that it has a more mournful sound than if she wept and honestly gave way to the grief that is oppressing her. The apathy she feels by day, however, is changed to intense agony at night, for in her dreams she re-lives the past, and when she awakes in the morning she is unrefreshed and unrested. Her nerves are utterly unstrung, and the suspense of the last few days is finishing what the conflicting emotions of the week before had begun.

In the meantime Captain Cain is rejoicing over the success of his schemes. Through his agency Gordon Hay has been routed from the field, and now Bertie has also disappeared; it seems as if Fortune herself were playing into his hands and insuring him the victory. But he has been reckoning without his Colonel. Although he has long since given up all hope on his own account, the sturdy old Irishman is determined that if he cannot win this much-fought-for lady, that scoundrel Cain shall not; and so he has taken upon himself the ungrateful office of dog-in-the-manger. Whenever Captain Cain goes up to Ainslee Court, Colonel Melladew follows a few minutes later, and expresses profound surprise when he finds him already seated by Clare's side, or occupied in laying siege to Miss Priscilla's favor. With the latter he has always been a privileged person, as he has the diplomacy to pretend to take an interest in her parish matters, and has always some delightful piece of gossip wherewith to flavor the otherwise insipid cup of afternoon tea.

But one afternoon Captain Cain succeeds in eluding his self-constituted goaler, and manages to spend an hour with Clare without the wet blanket of his presence. True, Mr. Colquhoun is present, but this is his drowsy time of the day, and he is dozing quietly in his arm-chair, perfectly oblivious of either daughter or guest.

"By-the-by," says Captain Cain leaning back languidly and stroking Clare's pet dog, which he holds on his knee, "I heard from Brighton to-day."

"Yes?" responds Clare listlessly, without looking up from her work.

"Captain Hay is there, and enjoying himself immensely, I hear," he continues, looking at her stealthily.

"Was your letter from him?" asks Clare coldly.

"No, no—not exactly—from a great friend of his. They say he is at his usual game—flirting tremendously. Now I wonder why it is," he queries speculatively, stroking his short black moustache, "that Hay can never meet a girl without flirting with her?"

In calm scrutiny Clare lifts her clear unembarrassed eyes to his.

"You know," he goes on unabashed, "it is almost ridiculous for an outsider to watch his tactics; to one who knows him they are so transparent. Sometimes he hints darkly as to some tie that he has contracted in former years which prevents him from accepting the heart he has already won, and sometimes it is on the plea of his honor—his unstained, untainted honor."

The sting of his remark goes straight to Clare's heart, and she turns very white as she thinks that perhaps Gordon's earnest words were only the clap-trap of sentiment, and that he fled from her because he feared that he had gone too far.

Captain Cain, seeing her change of countenance, quickly takes up his cue.

"Yes, his honor—that much-vaunted but non-existent thing! Sometimes it is for the lady's sake that he will not speak, and sometimes he is mute for the sake of a friend. Upon my word, it would be revolting were it not so amusing." And Captain Cain gives an unpleasant little laugh, watching her keenly at the same time.

Again the arrow strikes home; but Clare hides the pain she feels at these cruel doubts that are thrust upon her as to Gordon's honesty and truth.

"He must be a great friend of yours, Captain Cain," she says quietly.

"No, I assure you he is not," is the eager reply.

"I only judged by the way you spoke of him—you could hardly show such pleasure in abusing an enemy."

Captain Cain bites his lip, and strokes the little dog on his knee so viciously that it growls snappishly and jumps down on the floor.

"Indeed you judge me too harshly. It was for your sake I spoke, to warn you," says Captain Cain softly. "I could not bear to hear him speak to you of love the other day; he is not worthy to be in your presence."

"Allow me to be the judge of that," is the cold reply.

"I humbly beg your pardon, if I have presumed."

Clare bends her head haughtily, and, folding up her work, lays it on the table beside her, to intimate that the conversation was at an end.

Captain Cain rises hastily and stands beside her.

"Forgive me! I am deeply grieved if I have offended you—indeed I spoke only for your sake. Miss Colquhoun—Clare—give me the right to shield and protect you."

"You probably do not know that I am engaged to my cousin, and therefore need no other protection," interrupts Clare quietly, disengaging her hand from his detaining grasp.

Captain Cain staggers back dumfounded; he had never dreamed of Bertie as a rival; true he knew that the boy was in love, but that his passion was accepted and returned had never entered his head.

"To your cousin?" he echoes vaguely, thinking very angrily that all his machinations had been in vain and misdirected.

"Yes, to my cousin."

Never before has Captain Cain felt so much pleasure at seeing his commanding officer as now, for the door is thrown open and Colonel Melladew is announced, hot and dusty after his hasty walk, and red with excitement lest he should be too late and the decisive words be spoken. Truly, they are spoken; and Captain Cain, as he leaves, thinks regretfully that he would give a great deal if they could be unsaid, and by some Lethean process be forgotten.

The new visitor does not stay long; he has achieved his object, which was to rout the intruder from the field; and, after a few minutes' disconnected conversation, he too says good-bye. Clare walks with him as far as the lodge gates.

"My dear young lady," says the Colonel, with fatherly solicitude, "I am delighted to have your company; but don't you think you are a little imprudent to come out in this fearful, almost tropical, heat, and nothing on your head?"

Clare laughs and ties her pocket-handkerchief over her bright hair, and looks more quaintly pretty than ever, thinks the weather-beaten old soldier.

"Will that do?" she asks, smiling up at him coquettishly.

"You look charming!" is the enraptured reply.

"You will make me quite vain," she says, blushing a little.

"Not a bit of it. It is only your half-and-half beauties whose heads are turned by a compliment."

"When I want downright open flattery, I will go to Ireland for it."

"And when you want a true affection come to Ireland for it, too—there's a good deal of sound honesty under the blarney."

"I am sure of it," says Clare cordially.

Colonel Melladew sighs somewhat impatiently.

"There are many other things I should like you to believe, Miss Clare."

"Go on—my gullibility is unlimited!" is the laughing reply.

"Here we are at the gates, so we have no time to discuss them now. But one thing I should like you to believe is that there are worse things in life than being an old man's darling. Good-bye, good-bye, Miss Clare!" And Colonel Melladew, alarmed at his own temerity, hastens off without even waiting for any answer.

An amused smile hovers round Clare's lips as she watches him hurry down the road, but it dies away again as she turns towards the house, and an expression of intense sadness takes its place.

"Have I not borne enough?" she cries drearily; and then, startled by the sound of her own voice, she walks on quickly. "How stupid I am!" she thinks impatiently. A slight breeze is rustling among the trees, and, to her excited imagination, it sounds like a wail of anguish. A few drops of rain are falling, large heavy drops from the overful clouds, and she thinks a little sadly that even the heavens are grieving for her. She stops and leans against a tree to collect herself. "Am I going mad?" she asks anxiously, with a shudder of fear, and then wonders vaguely what would happen and what her aunt would say or do if she were brought home bereft of her senses. Then through the trees she sees somebody, and thinking it is the postman, she walks back to meet him.

"Perhaps it has come now," she says, half aloud. She holds out her hand mechanically, and even in that moment laughs inwardly as it passes through her mind what a small postman he is to bring so weighty a piece of news.

"Telegram for you, ma'am," says the boy, puzzled by the vague, senseless expression in her eyes.

"Thank you."

"Is there any answer, please?"

"None."

And the boy goes away wonderingly, leaving her standing motionless with the yellow envelope tightly clasped in both her hands.

"It has come," she presently whispers; and then everything seems to whirl round, and all the world seems mocking her as she loses consciousness, and falls heavily to the ground.

Later on in the afternoon the gardener finds her lying senseless on the grass, with the hot sun pouring down on her face, and the unopened telegram in her hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

After leaving Clare on the morning of his discovery of her love for Gordon Hay, Bertie's first impulse was to seek his friend and tell him the whole truth; but, as he sits alone that afternoon, he begins to realize what it will be to him if Clare is taken from him. She has been the one dream and ideal of his life, and now he feels that everything will be lost in losing her.

"Heaven forgive me, but I cannot give her up!" he cries in passionate rebellion, and yet his whole soul rises up in abhorrence at the idea of marrying her, when her heart is bound up in another, and that other his dearest friend. "I wonder if he loves her," he thinks. "He is so handsome, so noble, of course she loves him; but he—he has seen so many lovely women at home and abroad, surely he must have encountered some one who has engaged his affections long before this; it would be too hard if he had remained heart free all these years, only to fall in love with her. If he did not love her, she would forget him in time and love me—and yet—— How selfish I am!" And the boy lays his head on the table, while his whole frame is convulsed with tearless sobs. "Oh, my darling, how can I give you up—how can I give you up even to him?"

Long and terrible is the struggle that afternoon in that newly furnished and comfortless little room in the Salford Barracks, but in the end Bertie's better self prevails.

"If he loves her, he shall marry her," he says resolutely to himself—"if he loves her!" It is his last gleam of hope, and, selfish though it may be, he clings to it tightly in his desperation—"If he loves her!"

He had not much difficulty in getting leave from the good hearted, but rough old Colonel.

"Yes, yes, certainly; go away for a week if you like, but don't stop longer—you'll do no good by stopping longer," he says kindly. "I don't know which of the two the girl likes," he says to himself afterwards—"perhaps it is neither, but they are both very nice lads, and worthy of any woman—and too good for most."

And so Bertie goes. He has no clue to Captain Hay's whereabouts, save the few words he had said about boating at Cowes or Brighton, and a few days are lost in an unavailing search for him at the first place. Then he goes up to town for a night, inquires at the club, where they have heard nothing of him, and the next morning runs down to Brighton by the first train. He takes rooms at one of the hotels, and that very afternoon, as he sits by the open window, he sees Captain Hay's well-known figure lounge past at a snail-like pace. He jumps up and rushes to the door, nearly knocking a lady down in his hasty egress, and wasting at least five minutes in the necessary apologies, and then, putting on his hat, tears down the street in pursuit. When he comes up with his friend, he is breathless and almost speechless, and can only lay his hand detainingly on his arm.

"Hallo, Bertie, you seem excited!" says Captain Hay smiling, as he turns round and recognizes him.

"You'll kill yourself, Beauty, if you rush about the streets at this pace," laughs Bertie, who is still panting. "After all, I need not have run to catch up to you."

"My dear fellow, where's the hurry?"

"Nowhere, it appears."

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, Bertie."

"Thanks for the civility—better late than never," cries young Grand, raising his hat in mock courtesy.

"But what brings you here?"

Bertie's face clouds over.

"Never mind just now, Gordon; afterwards—some time this evening or to-morrow—we will speak of that."

"In trouble again, little one?" asks Gordon Hay sympathetically.

"Yes—I don't know—don't ask me now," is the incoherent reply.

Captain Hay changes the subject immediately. They walk down together to the pier, and watch the crowds of people on it, for though not the season, the place is crowded with tourists, excursionists, and residents.

"What a set of faces!" says Bertie meditatively.

"Yes; and what lots of people there are that nobody knows" is the indolent reply.

Bertie Grand laughs.

"You are such a determined aristocrat! What a fearful death you would have died had you lived in France during the revolution!"

"It should surely have been sword in hand."

"Why isn't there a war now? Why won't those Ashantee fellows kick up a row, or France revenge itself on Germany—or something?" says Bertie regretfully.

"Good heavens, why these sanguinary ideas?"

"I should like to die a glorious death—sword in hand, as you say," answers the boy dreamily, gazing out to sea.

"I'd rather you didn't die at all," is the laughing response.

Bertie looks up smiling.

"I don't look a very likely victim for the pale horseman, do I?"

"Not you; but, Bertie, you are looking rather haggard; what have you been doing since I left?"

"Nothing particular—nothing the least dissipated—haven't touched a card or made a bet, and have once or twice gone to bed with the sun."

"Well, you do look seedy; but Brighton will soon put you to rights. Come up now and dine with me, and then we will come down here and have a nice quiet smoke."

Bertie is not a very lively companion: his mind is so full of Clare and the object of his visit, that he can scarcely give his attention to anything else, and yet he feels reluctant to say and hear the words that will decide his fate.

"I will give her up if he loves her!" His resolution stands firm, but all his faith is pinned on that treacherous little preposition.

Captain Hay sees with solicitude the change in Bertie's demeanor, and speculates anxiously on the cause thereof, but he asks no questions—he is content to wait until Bertie tells him of his own accord. "He is sure to come to me if I can help him in any way; he knows that I will do anything for him that is possible," he thinks; and so with tales of old days and Indian life he tries to amuse the boy and draw him out of himself."

After dinner is over they go down to the pier again, and lean over to watch the waves as they dash mournfully against the iron pillars that support it.

A young workman is standing near them, with a girl whose hand he is holding, utterly regardless of the people who are standing round.

"I wonder why people invariably fall in love at the sea-side," says Captain Hay musingly, as he watches them half pityingly.

"I wonder why people fall in love at all," says Bertie.

"Ah, there you have me! I suppose it is partly through having nothing better to do, partly propinquity, and partly a sort of attraction. One must love something—yes, I suppose one must love something."

"Somebody, you mean," corrects Bertie.

"Oh, it's all the same! An animal is often as affectionate as a human being, and twice as faithful."

"Beauty, were you ever in love?"

"Bertie, was I ever out of it?"

"No, but seriously, were you ever, as the saying is, in love?"

The boy's eyes are fastened eagerly on his face as he waits almost breathlessly for his answer. Very slowly and reluctantly it comes.

"Yes."

Bertie's hands grasp the iron railing tightly for support, but he says as carelessly as he can—

"Did she love you?"

"I think she did, heaven bless her!"

"And how long ago was this?" persists Bertie, stooping down to pick up a stone that is lying at his feet.

There is no answer.

"Was it years ago?"

And the stone is thrown far away into the water, and the bubbles that rise on the surface, break and disappear as the waves fall over them.

"No, oh, no—not so long as that."

"Was it lately—quite lately?" continues Bertie earnestly, the conviction within him that his last hope lies wrecked before him growing stronger every moment.

"Yes—no—my dear Bertie, what are you talking about?" exclaims Gordon Hay in a startled voice, waking up as though from a reverie and stretching himself. "Fancy dragging up all the ghosts of my past life, and placing them before me in such a formidable array! Hallo, Bertie, aren't you well?" noting for the first time the faint, sickly look that has crept over the young fellow's face.

"Oh yes, I'm all right."

"Then what on earth is the matter! Are you quite happy?" he inquires anxiously.

"Awfully happy," says Bertie listlessly. "What a remarkably lovely night it is."

"There will be a gale to-morrow," says a man behind them—"look at the wind-clouds."

"Come over and breakfast with me in the morning," says Bertie, as they part outside his hotel; "I want to have a talk with you. No, Gordon, it's nothing serious—at least nothing very serious;" and, smiling reassuringly, he nods a good-night and passes through the open door.

The next morning Captain Hay wakes early. The sky is bright and cloudless, but the wind is very high, and the waves rise up like small mountains and glitter in the sunshine. He dresses hastily and goes down to Bertie's hotel, thinking to have a stroll with him before breakfast. But he is disappointed, for Bertie has already gone out, and with a slight feeling of uneasiness Captain Hay follows in the direction of the beach. It is nearly deserted, but a few fishermen are standing by some boats, and to them Gordon applies for information.

"Have you seen a gentleman down here," he asks, tapping one of them on the shoulder, "very tall, and dressed in a loose black serge suit?"

The man looks up eagerly.

"What, with fair hair, all curly?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, there he is, and a madder young gentleman—saving your presence, sir—I never knew."

Captain Hay looks round impatiently.

"Where is he? I do not see him," he says.

"Why, there, right in front of you—and one of my boats he has too! It's a chance if either gentleman or boat comes to shore again—the tide's dead against them!"

And then Captain Hay sees him, in a little cockle shell of a boat that, in spite of steering and rowing, is utterly at the mercy of wind and waves—one moment it makes a little way towards the shore, and then back it is driven again.

"Can nobody help him?" calls out Gordon Hay.

"Nobody, sir—leastways, nobody human. I don't say he mayn't come in all safe, but, whatever happens, we can't do nothing."

"Heaven help him! He's a brave young fellow, and a better rower don't want to be," says another man, holding his hand over his eyes that he may see better how things are going to be.

"Was he mad?" ejaculates Captain Hay.

"Ay, mad he must have been," answers the owner of the boat. "He comes up to me and he says, 'Ain't you going out this morning?' 'Not I, sir,' says I. Well, then he looked about him for a little, and when he said, 'Will you lend me your boat?' why, you see, sir, I didn't quite know what to say."

"And you lent it to him?"

The man takes off his cap and rubs his head thoughtfully.

"What could I do, sir? I told him the wind and waves was all against him, and it warn't safe. But, bless your heart, he wouldn't listen. 'I ain't afraid, if you are,' says he; and so he took it. I helped to get him off, and just as he was starting I said, 'You'll have a rare battle, sir.' 'That's just what I want,' he said; and he laughed and waved his hand—but his lips were quivering like all the time," and the sturdy-looking boatman draws his coat-sleeve across his eyes to hide a suspicious-looking moisture.

The wind is rising higher every minute, but Bertie fights well, and nearer and nearer comes the little craft, until at last he is even within speaking distance.

"All right now!" shouts the boy cheerily, with flushed face and tossed hair flying in the wind; but the words are carried away in the opposite direction, so that they cannot be heard by those on shore.

"He'll do it now!" cries one of the fishermen excitedly.

But Gordon Hay stands watching with strained eyes and white lips, while, almost unconsciously, he divests himself of his coat and waistcoat, for fear—for fear—and even while he thinks, what he dreads happens. A great gust of wind sweeps across the sea, and in a moment the boat is upset and lost to sight. Before any one else has time to move, Gordon Hay has dashed into the water and is swimming swiftly with the tide. The wind and the salt spray are in his eyes, and he can scarcely see whither he is going, but some instinct guides him right, for, after two unsuccessful attempts, he manages to catch hold of the boy's arm. And then there is the cruel journey back, burdened by that senseless weight and buffeting with the angry waves that seem loth to give up their prey. Two of the fishermen wade into the sea to meet the swimmer and to help him towards the shore, and then no sooner is he on the land and his work accomplished than he falls down exhausted.

"Pray Heaven I have saved him for Clare's sake!" he murmurs hoarsely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAFFIR MOTHER-IN-LAW.—The Caffrs (Africa) name for etiquette is hlonipa; there is an etiquette of the family, an etiquette of the tribe, and, among the Zulus, an advanced people, an etiquette of the nation. The women must not mention the name of their father-in-law, and they hide or pretend to hide when they meet their sons-in-law. It used to be the custom at Eton for boys "to shirk" when they met a master out of bounds. Shirking was a mere legal fiction; a stout boy might hide himself behind a slim lamp-post, and the master was bound to behave as if the lad were satisfactorily concealed. In the same way, if a Zulu lady encounters her son-in-law in a place where there is no cover, she "hlonipas," or "shirks," by tying a piece of grass round her head, as a sign that she complies with custom, and is in fact invisible. There may be married men in civilized countries who would like to see primitive etiquette revived. They could endure to be deprived of the society of their mothers-in-law, and would be glad to see these ladies "hlonipa" behind a curtain or under a sofa when they enter a room. One can hardly believe, however, that the modern aversion to mothers-in-law is the cause of primitive etiquette. A Zulu who did not like his wife's mother would probably give her a gentle hint with an assegai that her company was not wanted.

A "Winged Sorrow" has been brought out by a New York sculptor. It represents a woman who didn't hear of a neighborhood scandal till it was a week old.

MATTIE GRAY.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

The usual differences of opinion regarding caste, politics, education and other social questions prevailed among the various residents of the little town of Lagrange, but it was everybody's private and expressed belief that the rich bachelor, Mr. Wilford Neville, who had come to make his home among them, was—in the current matrimonial phrase—a first-class "catch."

It was rumored several weeks before his arrival that a retired lawyer from Gotham had leased Squire Bloom's big house, and public interest was consequently all agog. But in a certain sense this feeling on the part of the populace was doomed to disappointment. They had expected to meet an aged, parchment-looking cynic, with an air of having all his life been pinched up in narrow offices, or crushed under weighty tomes. What was their astonishment, then, on the eventful day, to see a handsome portly gentleman, whose face was all good humor and smiles, ride down Main street with the Squire, and hear him spoken of as Judge Neville. Somewhat elderly he no doubt was—evidently about fifty; but he showed a springiness and grace in his movements as he leaped from the carriage, that many a man of thirty might well have envied.

With the small population of Lagrange, less than a month sufficed for the gossips to properly state the case of Wilford Neville to the entire public. He was unmarried, and devoted his life to the care of his invalid mother, now with him. Their domestic circle consisted of themselves, a maiden lady who officiated as housekeeper, and several servants. His wealth was boundless, and had he not chosen to serve filial love rather than ambition, his talents had made him as eminent as he was learned. He was the soul of courtesy, and though a favorite with all classes, his name thus far had never been associated with woman's in an affair of the heart. It was not strange, therefore, that when possessed of these particulars the general female sentiment at least should formulate itself in the expression that he was a first-class "catch."

Although the Judge spent much of his time with his mother, walking on the lawn in the good weather, and driving with her over the numerous roads about the place, he still mingled considerably in society. Here his courtly manners and delightful conversation were themes of general admiration, particularly with the gentler sex. Naturally, then, though a man to whom order was most dear, he was the unintentional reason why more than one susceptible damsel found herself thinking of him with an earnestness that certainly did not contribute to her peace of mind.

Among this class was Mattie Gray, the schoolmistress. She had met the fascinating Judge at the church gathering, and almost instantly surrendered to his bright eyes and eloquent tongue. She sat rather long at her window that night, thinking of him, and no doubt King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid lived in her fancy, though they never did in fact.

She was a remarkably pretty girl, and was at no pains to conceal her knowledge of it. But her beauty, without the means of properly setting it off, only made poverty the more bitter. An orphan, she lived with an aunt—her mother's sister—in a cottage near the school. This aunt with many of the Lagrangians was an utter myth. Mattie very seldom spoke of her, and she never paid or received visits. The majority were of the belief that she was always in delicate health, and this version seemed to have some foundation. Other folks, more worldly or less charitable, seeing Mattie's somewhat extravagant notions for one in her position and her indulgence in expensive garments, and recollecting that her salary was limited, would significantly remark that there were other things to prevent people from getting out besides being bedridden.

Judge Neville's regard for his mother, being extremely marked, was of course generally noted, and that it should become an object of talk would naturally follow. People remarked that his keen perception of a son's duty would imply a corresponding appreciation of self-sacrifice in another. Among the most earnest in maintaining this view or impression was Mattie Gray.

Though no more sociably than with any of the young ladies of the neighborhood, the Judge never met Mattie in his walks or drives without a cordial salutation and some friendly words. When, therefore, towards evening one day, in riding alone by Mattie's home, he saw her in the little front garden, her arm around another lady's waist, walking up and down, apparently unconscious of his presence, it was only in accordance with his usual custom that he halted and spoke to her.

Miss Gray, with a delightful flutter of excitement or embarrassment, came down to the fence, and after an interchange of commonplaces, with an appearance of coy hesitation invited him inside. To her evident gratification, he immediately alighted and tying his horse, entered. A bow and curtsey, and the Judge having been presented to her aunt—Miss Tayne—the trio took seats in the little rose-embowered arbor overlooking the road.

In the ensuing conversation Judge Neville could not help noting that Mattie appeared remarkably solicitous of her aunt's health. The slightest break in the discourse was taken advantage of by Mattie to express a fear lest the growing dampness in the air should affect her aunt. And her importunity was all the more noticeable from an apparent disposition to prolong her own stay and his as much as possible.

He also noticed that Mattie's aunt was, without being beautiful, a more than ordinarily attractive woman, and her language evinced both good sense and culture. She was not young, and her thin pale face showed lines of care and suffering, but when illumed with animation, as now, the mere flesh and blood beauty of her niece lost much by comparison. From the in some sort health bulletins of Mattie, and chance remarks, the Judge came to the conclusion that she was a martyr to that enemy of comfort, chronic neuralgia. But why or how it could have operated to so closely confine her to the house that her existence was no more than known in the village, he was at a loss to understand.

Several times, as the shadows grew deeper in the arbor, he glanced suspiciously and thoughtfully toward Mattie, although when he left, with an earnest request from both to call soon again, she certainly could not complain of any lack of cordiality.

After this, it was not uncommon to either meet Mattie Gray walking in the cottage garden sedulously engaged in attendance upon her aunt, or hear her flourish the conventional platitudes about love and duty to our kin. Previously it had not been thus, so that of course it was something of a surprise.

Neither was it uncommon thereafter to see the Judge's horse stop at the cottage. From this, perhaps, originated the report that among the many belles of Lagrange he had been smitten by Mattie Gray. If she was his choice, he certainly was excessive in his devotion. What else could have induced him to visit with his mother the cottage while Mattie was at the school, and with every manifestation of pleasure introduce to her Miss Tayne? That this faculty of loving all connected with the loved object is a peculiarity of strong affection, everybody knows. It is proverbially a test of true love, where a young man in the all-embracing ardor of his passion not only includes his prospective relations-in-law, but extends it to the family animal kingdom, and brings in even the tomcat.

But be this as it may, it surprised Mattie; her pretended sympathy had gone for naught and her selfishness had its just reward; it surprised the gossips, who never would have dreamed of such a thing; it surprised everybody, in fact, except Mr. Wilford Neville and Miss Kate Tayne, who of course knew about it all along—when the fact of their engagement was rumored and the pastor told in confidence the afternoon for which his services were engaged.

FACETIÆ

—A "tin" wedding—Marrying a rich wife.

—A swell party—A dealer in dried apples.

—Cross-eyed men need not necessarily be angry.

—To guard against fits—Buy ready-made clothes.

—"Literary characters"—Written recommendations.

—People who are particular and want something that will answer should try an echo.

—A peculiarity of the carpenter is that he may be both a plain-dealer and a deal-planer.

—The whale-oil business is now a great industry, but Jonah is the first man that ever went into it.

—How to "raise" an umbrella—Take it when the owner ain't looking, or borrow it the usual way.

—There is not so much difference as there may seem between a "smile" at a bar and a "wink" to the man behind a soda water counter.

—It is not altogether due to the manner of Hayes' going in that the majority of schoolboys now-a-days would rather play base ball than be President.

—The fat girl of Iowa, who weighed six hundred pounds, is dead. It used to be her regretful boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

—Those who marry for love alone generally use it all up in a short time, and then spend their lives fighting among themselves, the butcher, and the baker.

—George Washington never imperilled his well-earned reputation for veracity by saying he ever once in his life met a Western newspaper man who refused to drink when another stood treat.

—A Kentucky wife has had twins five times in succession. Her husband thinks this rather singular, or rather he does not, for if they had come singular the lookout wouldn't be quite so gloomy.

—Do not place the most implicit belief in that man's statement who asserts he never swears, until he catches his chin once or twice on a taut clothes line while hastily traversing his yard.

—It is thought if speed such as O'Leary's was a common possession among heads of corporations, bank presidents, etc., in this country, the emigration to foreign ports would be much greater than it is.

—There is nothing that will sooner plant an ineradicable hatred of the small boy in a man's heart, than to have him fling a stone at the cork just on the moment that he has got his first nibble of the day.

—Æsthetic tramps who recognize the eternal fitness of things, when engaged in passing the time "card-playing" during the balmy spring months, find nothing so much against the grain as playing a "spade."

—When two boys of a family have gone in swimming against their mother's express commands, the satisfaction of being able to see the other fellow waled, usually operates so as to soothe the pains of the one that got it first.

—Lynching is not often practiced in this city, but many and many a convivial man has been found here hanging to lamp-posts, telegraph poles, and other things that no well conducted sample room ought to have out of its immediate neighborhood.

—The season is nearly expiring, and there is a shout from every oyster of the country that he won't have to submit much longer to the indignity of having what religion there is in him drowned out in some miserable apology for a stew at a church fair.

—The influence of women is seen in things great and small throughout the world. Formerly it was not so, but since his marriage her uncompromising adherance to principle in the matter, has made it necessary for him to keep his whiskey jug out in the barn.

—A man whose wife, in the agonies of "cleaning up" has been dousing the house from garret to cellar with suds, may not be much of a Bible scholar, but no one can shake his faith in the belief that the flood came and the world was drowned sometime during the spring.

—The latest is that an Italian Count followed an American lady to Chicago and there married her. They had met and fallen in love with each other while she was pursuing her musical studies at Rome. It is not definitely stated, but the probability is that he brought his hand-organ along.

—Nothing is more useful in this world than the ability to rightly judge character. If this is kept in mind, none of those disagreeable incidents will occur like asking a man in to take a cigar with only a dime in our possession, and have him instantly ask the storekeeper to hand out the twenty-centers.

—If the man who has suffered were given his choice to shoot the organ-grinder or the girl practicing on a tuneless piano next door, we sometimes think he would decide on killing the huckster who sets every bone in the ear's anatomy crazy by yelling out "Shad!" in the highest key he can reach.

A LINGERING AND GENERALLY FATAL DISEASE often results from a severe Cold left to take care of itself. Better prudently resort to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant on the first symptom of a Cough or Cold, and so avoid planting in the system the seeds of an incurable Lung or Throat complaint.

VIOLETS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

O bring the flowers fresh dripping from the dew,
Weak, blue-eyed darlings, with a hint of tears,
Wherefore a sorrow, still so young in years?
And yet this grief so well becometh you.
Where all is wild with woe, or bright with smiles,
Some sure must weep while others will rejoice,
Grieve silent then, and give your pain no voice,
Too many wail along life's weary miles.
Since all is bright with smiles, so wild with woe,
Then lift your blue eyes brightly through your tears,
And so dispel the day's dark boding fears,
And ease this sorrow of its angry throe;
So small a thing will sometimes joy beget,
Smile up at us, O blue-eyed violet!

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON THE VERGE.

The fallen daughter of beauty;
I see through her disguise—
And pity rises in my heart,
And tears are in my eyes.
—*Mary Howitt.*

The two brothers pursued their way to London after this escapade without either let or hindrance. The assaulted man of all work of the somewhat eccentric farmer did not attempt to retaliate except by vituperation, and his master seemed rather amused than otherwise at the incident. He took his serving man by the collar when his assailants were out of sight, and shaking some of the mud out of him with no gentle hand, demanded what the man had meant by accusing him of letting his horse and trap out for hire.

"Lies—all lies, master," said the man cringingly. "It was just a tale of their own making up, the scamps."

"I was no such thing; it was true."

"Lies—on my soul, master."

"I don't believe you've got a soul, you lying sneak. I know it was true, or you'd not have let those fellows thrash you without a scratch back again. I remember the night they spoke of, and how done up the old horse was the next day. I understand it now, and what some chaff meant that went round at a public house in Stafford yonder about my wife having taken to going out at night. You shall play no more pranks in my house. Be off and pack up your traps, and clear out."

"Without a character, master?"

"Without anything that doesn't really belong to you. In an hour I'll pay you your wages, and then be off. You'll get no character from me."

The farmer was in a rage. He remembered the time perfectly well, and the rude chaff which he had had to undergo about his equipage and his wife. His man had had a perfectly plausible story to tell about the horse's condition next day, and of his own detention at the place whither he had been sent, and Jem Bragg's assertions met with the prompt denial and ridicule before described. It was gall and wormwood to the farmer to find, after all this time, that he had been cheated, and he was prompt in his measures of punishment. The surly servant went in and took his wages, and then shouldered his box, which was not large, and turned away from his master's house without a word. He went towards Stafford, and as he went he muttered to himself—

"I'll worm it out of 'em somehow. It's well for the house as I've left, as I mean to go far away. There may be a fire there some day, perhaps—who knows? Maybe there will. The ricks yonder will make a bonny blaze."

He set down his box to rest himself, and looked towards the well-filled stackyard with a vicious chuckle.

"If ever I meet those two men," he went on, rubbing his clumsy hands together, and looking like a discomfited fiend, "there'll be murder. Whichever on 'em I see first 'll feel something sharper than a whip and sores than a man's fists. As for her—the woman who tempted me with her money into this scrape—I'll——No, I won't kill her if ever I meet her, but I'll have money or money's worth out of her. She's beautiful, and she had money, and she has a secret, and one that's worth paying for, I'll go bail. I'll find that woman, and her purse shall be a lucky-bag for me."

He began his researches directly; but his dreams of getting anything out of the strange lady came to an untimely end very soon. He found that the description he ventured to give of her to one or two people was that of a Mrs. Longmore, who had once lived at the place he had driven her to, but that she was dead. The date of her death he did not hear, or he would have been pretty considerably astonished. He went away from the neighborhood, which did not lament him much, for he was anything but a popular man, and report said that he had solemnly cursed his master before he left, and that his evil wishes had come to pass. Two or three incendiary fires occurred just after the harvest in the neighborhood of Stafford, and the master who had turned him away without a character was the greatest sufferer thereby. The culprits could never be traced, but somehow the farmer could not help thinking of his discharged servant and associating the damage with him.

Jem Bragg and his brother Matthew made their way to London, and with but little difficulty found out the establishment whither Sarah Wills had gone to "better herself." It was one of a class which are happily being put down, at least in that form—a refreshment saloon, open till all hours of the night, and frequented by a class about whose character there could be no possible doubt.

Miss Wills had gone thither, recommended by a gentleman who had seen and admired her pink and white face, her plentiful hair, and her even teeth, and was a great attraction behind the glittering bars of one of the most notorious houses in London. She had gained in worldly knowledge immensely by the change; she had left Stafford a giddy-pated, vain girl enough, fond of dress and finery, and liking a flirtation and pretty presents as well as most of her sex. She had become what girls who take the first downward step usually do become, and was not one whit more worthy to hold up her head amongst honest women than the most abandoned among the poor wretches who flaunted their finery in the drinking bar, or held high revel in the supper room with the fools who flung away their money upon them.

The two men who had sought her had both been in London before, but they were countrified enough to be astonished at the aspect of the Haymarket and its purlieus at ten o'clock at night. They had come there to reconnoitre, not expecting to see the girl they sought at that hour, and were surprised to see the whole neighborhood alive and brisk with business.

"Looks as if it was ten o'clock in the morning, don't it, and not ten at night?" said Jem, and his brother nodded assent; "This is the place, I know," he went on; "a corner shop where two streets meet, name of Zanini—foreign people they are; that's it with the red glass in the window."

A glittering palace of enchantment, all mirrors and marble and colored glass, a carpeted floor and cushioned seats, was the shrine of the Hebe who had served pots of beer and plugs of tobacco over the bar of Mrs. Ovendean's well to do house. There was beer to be had at Zanini's, and Sarah Wills was not above serving it, but the beer engine was plated, and shone like silver, and the hands were of red and white glass, which sent back a thousand brilliant sparkles as the glare of the gaslight fell upon them. It was a great change from the King's Arms, and Sarah Wills was as much changed as her position. Her homely dress had given place to a trailing black *moire*, open at the neck, and displaying a lace chemisette. Hangings showed her white, round arms, and her pale brown hair had been bleached and dyed till it resembled the yellow floss on a silkworm's cocoon. It was frizzed and dressed, and helped out with false plaits till her head looked the size of two, and a blue ribbon, studded with mock pearls, was twisted in and out among her puffs and curls.

"It is her," said Jem Bragg, pointing her out to his brother through the window. "That's Miss Wills talking to that swell with the glass in his eye. She'd better have stayed in Staffordshire, I think."

The dumb man made a grimace to express that he fully acquiesced in his brother's opinion, and they entered Zanini's, which was pretty full even at that early hour.

"Pint o' beer, please, miss."

Every one stared at the new comers, and most of the loungers laughed at the country strangers who had preferred such a vulgar request. That was not the place for rough men to stand and drink beer in and the flashy barmaid informed them of the fact in a summary manner.

"You'll get served next door," she said, pointing to a public house, the doors of which were in a perpetual swing; "we can't serve you here."

"You can serve me with all I want, Sarah Wills. I'm not particular about the beer, but I want a bit of talk with you."

The girl started at the sound of her name, and the gentleman with whom she had been flirting across the counter put up his eyeglass and surveyed the pair languidly.

"I don't know you," she said hesitatingly.

"Oh yes, you do. You knew me well enough at the King's Arms, and you know me now, unless you have painted your eyes as well as your face, and can't see with them. I'm Jem Bragg, the ostler, and I've come all the way from Stafford to talk to you."

"Indeed. I'm highly honored," said the girl, flippantly. "What about?"

"About a light overcoat with velvet collar and cuffs that you brought away with you, belonging to the husband of the lady that you said didn't go out that night. You accused me of being drunk and seeing double then; there's a different story to be told now."

Sarah Wills turned white till the rouge on her cheeks stood out in two staring red patches, and her eyes dilated as if with fear.

"Hush," she said, "don't speak so loud. I'll talk to you by and by."

The young lord she had been talking to, for he was a scion of aristocracy, who had fancies he was seeing life when he idled away his time in haunts like these, put his glass in his eye once more, and walked away.

"Poor relations," he said to himself. "That's the worst of girls like that—they have such horrid people belonging to them."

Sarah Wills was evidently frightened at Jem Bragg's words.

"Come here," she said, opening the door of a small room, "there's no one here now. What do you want to know?"

Jem followed up the advantage he had gained by his abrupt address.

"We want to know—my brother here and me—what became of that coat, who you sold it to, and what became of it, and what became of it. We know, and you know too, that the gentleman that left that coat at the King's Arms wasn't in it when the railroad train was smashed, and we knowed you lied when you said that the lady you were waiting on wasn't out all that evening, don't we, Mat?"

The dumb man nodded vehemently, intimating that he did know all about it.

"I don't know what you mean," said the girl, boldly.

"Yes you do. She went out, and paid you to keep it dark for her. We know where she went and what for. What became of her?"

"I don't know any more than you. I've never seen or heard of her from that hour. Who sent you here to question me in this way?"

"No one; we want to know on our own account all about that coat."

"And suppose I refuse to tell you? You have no right to come here spying and worrying a respectable girl in business hours."

"Respectable!" echoed Jem. "Would any respectable woman live in a place like this? Would any decent girl paint her face, and dye her hair, and stand the leers and impudence of fellows like those out there. You lost your claims to respectability when you left the old house at Stafford. What is it, Mat?"

For Matthew was nudging his elbow and making signs to him.

"My brother's dumb, Miss Wills," he said; "he can only talk with his fingers. Fire away, Mat."

The dumb man told him rapidly to try a threat—to mention the police.

"She's frightened," he said. "There's more in it than just stealing the coat. I can see it in her eyes."

Jem took the hint. He turned once more to the girl, whose color came and went with frightful rapidity.

"Look here, Sarah Wills," he said; "I'll make a bargain with you. There's likely to be a bobbery about that coat and what was in the pockets of it yet."

He had hit the mark—his shaft had gone straight home—the dumb man was right. Only Sarah Wills herself knew what she had stolen when she took the coat, and the thought of an endorsed bank note which might be traced back to her hands made her heart stand still almost with terror.

"There was nothing in the pockets," she gasped.

"Oh yes, there was—money, and the police are making a fuss about it. That's a lie," he muttered to himself; "but no matter, so she speaks. Look here," he went on aloud, "only me and my brother know who took it as yet, and we don't want to split if you'll act fair to us. Tell us who you gave or sold that coat to, who wore it when it was found, and we'll hold our tongues about the rest of it."

"You won't betray me, Jem," the girl said, in an agony of terror. "If I lose my place there's nothing for me but——"

She made a gesture towards the thronged streets with such a look of misery on her face that he felt for her.

"I know," he said; "you'd better have stayed at the old house, my girl. It was dull, maybe, but decent. Now, out with it. Who was it that was killed in that accident? For we know it wasn't Mr. Trentham, as he called himself. His name was Burgoyne really."

A great rush of tears came to Sarah Will's eyes. She had some feeling left in her.

"It was the man who tempted me away from Stafford," she said; "the only man I ever loved. He would have married me when he came back from that journey, and I dared not wear a bit of black for his sake, though my heart was breaking!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT THE HILLS.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—
A stage where every one must play a part,
And mine a sad one.—*Shakespeare.*

Lieutenant Cartaret, dismissed so summarily from the presence of his colonel, and allowed leave of absence just when he was despairing of getting any, wondered not a little.

It was very good of the duke to send him on this special mission to Calcutta, and very nice to have a holiday, but he felt sure that more lay behind.

"He wants me out of the way," he thought to himself; "but what for? I've never offended him in any way that I know of. He's reprimanded me often enough; but that's all in the way of business. This is something beyond that, I'm sure."

But, think as he would—and he did think all the way to Calcutta—he could make nothing of it. He ran over in his own mind all his escapades, but could think of nothing likely to make banishment necessary.

At Calcutta he transacted his business, and prepared to enjoy himself. He found a party of young officers there whom he knew, who were going to the hills, and who were very anxious he should join them.

But Mr. Cartaret shook his head.

"It would be awfully jolly," he said, "but it can't be done. I must have three month's leave for it, and I couldn't get it now. I know the colonel wouldn't give it—I'm not a pet of his."

"Then why did he send you here now?"

"Ah, that's what I can't make out!"

But fortune favored Mr. Cartaret. The very day after the proposal was made he received a letter from a fellow officer in Cawnpore, asking him to excute some slight commission for him in Calcutta. There was news in the letter besides, and Mr. Cartaret's eyes opened very wide as he read it.

"We've got a grand mystery afoot here. The colonel's going to be married in a few days. I'm not hoaxing you; it's a fact. The lady is staying at Major Ransome's, and appeared as suddenly as though she had dropped from the moon. By the way, she was first seen the very day after you went. The major is as close as wax about her, and the old 'girl—meaning 'Betsy'—won't say a word, which is wonderful, seeing how fast her dear old tongue can run sometimes."

"She (I don't mean Mrs. Ransome, but the duke's *fiancee*) is the loveliest creature I ever saw. Every one is wild about her. She is a *petite* beauty, with golden hair and dark eyes, and dresses like a princess. The colonel must find the 'tin,' for I hear she was a penniless governess, who came out lately with an army chaplain and his family. The story goes that she is an old love of the duke's, for the sake of whose memory he has been turning misanthrope. I don't wonder; Miss Chantrelle (that's her name) is just the sort of woman that men go mad about."

Lieutenant Cartaret laid down the letter, and stared blankly at nothing. Then he gave a long whistle.

"Miss Chantrelle! Golden hair!" he muttered. "Then I was not mistaken. She's a plucky one, is Circe. I think I see my way to going to Simla now."

He took up the letter again and went on with it.

"There's a queer story going about that she had dark skin and black hair when she came out first. If so, she must be a perfect mistress in the art of make up and have worn a wig, for anything fairer than her complexion, or more brightly golden than her hair, I never saw. The Colonel is a different man, he's idiotically in love, and forgets to be regimental. It's much pleasanter, I can assure you. He is going home on leave when he is married, and, between you and me, it is just as well he should take the little beauty away before she turns all the male heads in the station. I hear the women dont think much of her—that's a matter of course. She's graceful, ladylike, and beautiful, so it stands to reason."

"I see it all," said Mr. Cartaret, as he laid the letter down. "Our blue-blooded colonel must be mad. It is Circe, and she has told him that I recognized her, and got him to send me away, long life to her for that same. I'll get another three month's leave by that happy chance."

He forthwith despatched a telegram to the colonel asking for further leave, and the reply came back directly. Lieutenant Cartaret might have the three months. Indeed, the duke was rather glad he had asked. It would be so much longer before he could come back to Cawnpore to talk. When he did return, he and his bride would be far away in England. Their plan was to go straight home for a month and then travel. Hilda had not seen very much beside Rome, and such parts of England as she had visited in her brief life with Bracy Burgoyne. The duke showed her the telegram and his answer, and she looked pleased.

"I am glad he asked for it himself," she said. "He was a young man who would be sure to talk. He seemed to me an inveterate gossip; and when a man gossips, you know he is ten times worse than a woman."

"But what could Cartaret say that would harm you, my darling?"

"Nothing; but much that would be disagreeable to you. He would tell the whole station that the woman you have chosen for your wife was once an artist's model in Rome. He would ignore the fact that my father was the artist, and he would blazon to all the ladies of long pedigrees and blue blood in the cantonments here that I had sung in the streets for bread. You would not like that, would you?"

"Don't speak of it, dear," the duke said, with a shiver; "I can't bear to think of it."

"And yet, but for that day of desperation, we should never have met," said Hilda, musingly. How oddly things come about, don't they? Perhaps it is as well, after all, that Lieutenant Cartaret is away; people say quite enough evil of me now."

"Evil!"

"Yes, they say I am an adventuress, a nobody—what a sin it is to have no ancestors, isn't it?—and that you are going headlong to ruin by giving your hand to me."

"Let them talk; so I have you I am content. We shall soon be away from it all."

Hilda did not guess that Lieutenant Cartaret knew she was in Cawnpore, and the duke was going to marry her, and she consoled herself with the knowledge that her wedding was so near now that she need not be afraid of his return. Only seven days from the day of the telegram, and she would be Duchess of Castletowers, and far above the slander of envious tongues.

The young officer went his way contentedly and thankfully to Simla, thinking comfortably of the lucky freak which had procured him this chance.

"It's a queer start altogether," he said to himself, "and if our respected colonel isn't taking the first step on the road to perdition by the proceedings I'm very much mistaken. Why, Sforza's house was a haunt for all the idlers in Rome, and if his daughter kept virtuous through all the associations of that studio, she must have been something more than mortal."

He was mistaken. Hilda Sforza had passed through all the temptations which assailed her in her father's house pure in the sense in which he was thinking of purity.

At Simla Mr. Cartaret found a gay party, and entered with zest into all the amusements and life going on in the hill station. There, among other people, he was introduced to Mark Douglas, who was beginning to recruit his strength a little, previous to going home.

The two liked each other well—the broken down invalid enjoyed the fresh *bonhomie* of the younger and healthier man—and in a week or two they had grown very intimate.

Beyond the fact that Mr. Douglas was an American of English extraction, and that he had some property in England, he knew nothing of his new acquaintance, till it happened one day that Mark Douglas cut his thumb rather badly in opening a bottle of ink.

"How provoking!" he said. "I shall lose the mail."

He was in the midst of some correspondence when the accident happened, and Lieutenant Cartaret, who was present, offered his services.

"If it's nothing very private," he said, "let me be your secretary."

"I shall be very glad. It is a letter to my solicitor in England; I particularly wished to answer him by this mail, for I let it slip last time."

It was an answer to the letter from the lawyer about Ferndale Hollow, wherein that gentleman stated that the repairs would be quite finished by the time Mr. Douglas received the news, and that a horse had been procured, and was being ridden in the meantime by Mr. George Caterham.

The letter also went on to state that no similarity to any arrangements of Mr. Burgoyne's existed in the Hollow, that the place was as much altered as it was possible to alter it, and that the duke's housekeeper, Mrs. Caterham had secured two servants as near perfection as could be obtained against Mr. Douglas should return. If that gentleman would telegraph a word or two, the house should be arranged and everything put in order against he came home.

"I shall both telegraph and write," Mark Douglas said; "he will get the letter at least a fortnight before I arrive. I beg your pardon, Mr. Cartaret; I am boring you with all this?"

"Not at all. I beg yours, I am sure; I believe I had gone off in a brown study. You'll think me very rude, I am afraid; but are you the owner of Ferndale Hollow, or am I mistaken in the name?"

"That's the name, and the house is mine. Do you know it?"

"I have seen it, and a pretty place it is. I was thinking of various things connected with it."

"Indeed! May I know? Or are they personal?"

"Not in the least; they were anent the former proprietor, Mr. Burgoyne."

"My cousin! I inherited after him. You knew him, then?"

"No; but I knew of him. His was a strange story."

"It was indeed."

Mark Douglas spoke the words as though, somehow, the subject were distasteful, and Mr. Cartaret did not pursue it.

"Are you going to live at Ferndale?" he asked.

"Such is my intention. Yes, mine has been in some sort a sorrowful life, and I have a fancy for setting in some quiet place, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' as Pope has it."

"You don't mean to bury yourself alive, do you? You are too young for that, Mr. Douglas," said the lieutenant, with a smile.

"Young! Why, I heard one lady tell another the other day that I was a very aged man! Look at my white hair."

"It is a false witness. I should not take you to be more than forty."

"You are nearer the mark than she was; but if I am not old in years I am in sad experience. I am not going to make a hermit's cell of Ferndale, and I shall always be glad to see you there. It is a pretty place. I don't wonder at the duke wanting to buy it."

"Whatever did he want with it?"

"Well, there were two reasons, both which he was pleased to tell me."

"You know him then?

"I called upon him in Cawnpore when I first came to India, and a pleasant gentleman I found him."

"He's a jolly fellow. He was a terrible martinet, but he's in love now, and going to be married, and the fellows say that things are as different as can be."

A look of pleasure come over Mark Douglas's face as he listened—sincere, unmixed delight.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Quite."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTISTIC ERRORS AND ANACHRONISMS.

In the works of some of the greatest painters, curious and startling anachronisms occur. In their representations we frequently find objects introduced long before the period of their existence; and to bring out an effect historical truth has been in many cases ignored. In this respect Raphael d'Urbino was a great transgressor; he introduces a newn stone step into "The Expulsion from Paradise," and a book bound in the neatest possible modern manner into the well-known picture of "Elymas the Sorcerer Struck Blind." A host of other artists appear to have believed that the Virgin Mary was in the habit of studying a muse book, and that the Hebrew Kings wore robes similar to those of Henry VIII.

That there is nothing new under the sun is a maxim the broad truth of which will be conceded by most men; but when Albert Durer goes so far as to introduce a tent bedstead, a commodious cooking range and an array of china candlesticks, surmounted by modern-shaped candles, into his "Birth of the Virgin," the spectator is not unnaturally inclined to doubt whether the painter was altogether justified in his creations.

When buttons were invented is a problem that very probably cannot now be solved; but it is a question whether they were used in the days of Isaac. Silvio Manaigo, however, evidently thought such to be the case; for in his picture of the sale of Joseph to the Ishmaelites, the coat of one of the brothers is not only fastened, but even decorated by their means. Lucas van Leyden, too, was bold enough to put a chignon on the head of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite; and not content with this, he surmounted the edifice with a beautiful coal scuttle bonnet of straw. Salvator Rosa is another trespasser in the matter of head-dresses. An exquisite work by this master represents the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; but the whole effect is spoiled by the presence in the background of some jaunty spectators in slouch hats and flaunting feathers. Van Dyck himself represents one of the Apostles in sea boots in his picture of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," which is now in the National Gallery; and Paul Veronese paints some Italian peasants in felt hats and plumes calmly contemplating the Adoration of the Magi. Agostino Caracci, in a picture of "Tobias Anointing His Father's Eyes," puts the two men in shoes; and N. Poussin, in his celebrated "Passage of the Red Sea," introduces Roman armor of the time of the Emperors, regardless of the well-ascertained fact that the Egyptians about the time of the Hycsos did not indulge in metal armor at all. In one of Raphael's best works, the Transfiguration monopolizes the upper part of the canvas, while in the lower portion the man possessed with an evil spirit is being simultaneously healed; and in a Flemish painting of some note, several corpulent boors, with clay pipes in their mouths, are gazing in wonder at David, who is carrying the head of Goliath. Indeed, the history of the Poet King is made a frequent medium for anachronisms; for in another picture of the Death of Goliath the giant wears no armor except a plumed helmet; and in a third, David is hurling at his adversary a rough stone instead of a pebble. At his subsequent triumph, according to yet another painting, David is received by Greek maidens in front of an Italian building surmounted by flags, while two pyramids in the background vainly do their best to lend harmony to the scene.

Abraham has been shamefully treated by his illustrators. A Spanish artist represents him as about to shoot Isaac with a pistol; and the patriarch is almost always represented as a man of not more than sixty years of age at most. A very common anachronism is the introduction of Italian architecture into Eastern scenes. Claude, for instance, in his "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," and Bono of Ferrara, in his "Jerome in the Desert," do so; and examples might be multiplied without end. Claude, in the "Embarkation of Saint Ursula," also introduces ships of the type in use at the middle of the seventeenth century; and Boccaccio Boccaccino, in his "Procession to Calvary," fills up his background with a fine broad river covered with shipping, in spite of the well known fact that nothing of the sort exists near Jerusalem. How the disciples, in Raphael's "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," managed to preserve their equilibrium in the very minute boats to which the artist has treated them, is a mystery; and why Claude should have celebrated the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca in front of a waterfall that might almost vie with that of Niagara, is a riddle that will probably never be solved.

The illustrations to Newton's Bible, which was published in 1771, contain some curious errors and anachronisms that are but little known. Solomon is being anointed under the shadow of a pyramid, and the destruction of Dagon takes place in a building very similar in appearance to St. Paul's Cathedral in London. David is singing before the Ark from a scroll conveniently held in front of him by a winged but legless cherub, and Sapphira dies in the street. In a picture representing the death of the lying prophet, the dead man wears a coat and trousers; and in another depicting Elijah and the priests of Baal, there is an altar, but no surrounding trench. Perhaps the most flagrant engraving in the collection is one of Daniel's Dream, which introduces four great beasts that do not in the least answer the description of them given in the text. Fortunately for the credit of the artists involved, all the pictures are anonymous, but some of them are known to have been executed by very eminent men.

A much cherished idea with the painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was that guitars and violins were in vogue at the time of our Savior. Illustrations may be found in the works of Domenichino, Jean Bellin, Cosimo Tura, and others, but are far too numerous to be specified. Chello del Fuera gives us a picture of a Madonna pouring some liquid from a richly chased vessel like a coffee pot; Luigi Cigoli paints the aged Simeon at the Circumcision, in spectacles; and Brughel, in an "Adoration of the Magi," introduces an Ethiopian in a surplice, booted and spurred, who is presenting a model of a comparatively modern man-of-war to the Infant Jesus. All these instances are so absurd and innocent that they require no comment; but one discovered in a prayer-book published in the reign of William and Mary is so very ludicrous that it suggests a doubt whether it were not the work of a wag. The parable of the mote and the beam is the subject of the picture, and from the eye of one man a huge log of wood is protruding, while in that of the other is a very fine cascade. Probably the artist was afraid to risk his reputation upon still water, and therefore felt justified in turning the moat into a torrent in order to let people know what he meant. Another picture of about the same date represents a pair of copper scales falling from St. Paul's eyes on his recovery from blindness, and it is not unlikely that the two curiosities owe their existence to the same inventive brain.

In one of the churches at Bruges is a picture of the legendary marriage of Christ with St. Catherine of Siena. St. Dominic, in full canonicals, is performing the ceremony, and King David is complacently looking on and playing the harp. Carlo Maratti, in an "Annunciation," introduces a pair of scissors; and an unknown artist, representing the Impotent Man at the Pool of Bethesda, paints an angel with a very long pole vigorously stirring the waters of a very small pond until they are white with foam. Pietri di Cortone, in a painting which is now in Paris, depicts with great success the meeting and reconciliation of Jacob and Laban in the mountains of Mesopotamia; but the truth of the idea is rather hurt by the distant apparition of a church steeple. N. Poussin's "Deluge" with boats, and "Saint Jerome" with an eight-day clock before him, are matters of history, and the picture of the boiled lobsters in the sea listening to Saint Anthony of Padua, is scarcely less celebrated. The catalogue of anachronisms in painting and drawing is, in fact, almost endless. Nearly every old book contains instances, and every picture gallery is stocked with amusing specimens, provided the spectator will only take the trouble to look for them.

HANDEL AND HAYDN.

These two German composers are associated almost inseparably in musical literature, and many combinations of talent have acknowledged themselves their admirers and followers by adopting their united names as the title by which their associations and publications are known throughout the world.

Georg Friedrich Handel was born in 1685, and while very young evinced wonderful talent. When eleven years of age, Frederic I., of Prussia, offered to educate him in Italy, and many princes, noblemen and dukes were attracted by his precocity; but his father having designed him for the law, would not listen to any change; so it was not until after his death that, with his mother's consent, he devoted his life to music. After remaining for a few years in Germany, varied by occasional visits to Italy, at the age of 25 he passed from the continent to England and identified himself with that country. He had been chapelmaster to the Elector of Hanover, afterward George I., and so was soon among the court favorites, composing an ode on Queen Anne's birth-day, a funeral anthem for the death of Queen Caroline, a set of pieces for a grand boat procession on the Thames—known as "Water Music," and attending to the musical education of the young princesses; but this was only the lighter portion of his lifework.

He endeavored to place the Royal Academy of Music upon a permanent basis in London, and for that object obtained from the nobility subscriptions of fifty thousand pounds. A list of his compositions is beyond our limits; but there are oratorios innumerable, many historical, but mostly Scriptural subjects, for the painters and musicians of those times seemed to delight in devoting their best energies to religion and the church.

"Joseph and His Brethren," "Saul," "Belshazzar," "Joshua," "Solomon," "Samson," and the names of many other Old Testament worthies have places among his works. While composing the Oratorio of Jephtha, in his sixty-sixth year, his sight began to fail, and when this work was first performed the grand old man was led into the orchestra blind. "The Messiah" was first brought out in Dublin in 1741, and is considered by the musical world as his masterpiece. The performance of this Oratorio was the last at which he was present, for on reaching his home he went to his bed, and never rose from it. Pope called him the "Giant Handel," and every musician feels the justice of the epithet.

He endeavored to give to the music in which he clothed the Sacred Text, such dramatic force and expression as to render stage effects unnecessary, and the lovers of his oratorios know how well the great master of that kind of music has succeeded.

He died in his 75th year, and was buried in the "Poet's Corner" in Westminster Abbey.

Joseph Haydn, the oldest of twenty children, was born in 1732, and so marked was his talent that when only six years old he took the place of drummer boy in a religious procession, his instrument—too large for himself to manage—being mounted upon a humpbacked dwarf. He possessed a voice of remarkable power and sweetness, which often availed to shelter him from poverty, and so much was he obliged to depend on its winning tones to procure for himself even the bare necessities of Nature, that by the time he was sixteen his voice was broken and he yielded entirely vocal for instrumental effort. He was during these early years choir-boy in the Cathedral of St. Stephens, Vienna, and his constant practice of the best Italian and German composers made up for his want of instruction in musical theory, so that at eighteen he was a noted and successful teacher, and to the end of his life a most prolific composer. Haydn himself records that one of his most satisfactory pieces was written for a Spanish festival in Cadiz, in commemoration of the crucifixion, in which the church was lighted only by a single lamp, the priests prostrate before the altar, and the multitude kneeling in silence.

Prince Nicolas Esterhazy, of Hungary, was his firm friend and patron. He three times rebuilt the musician's home, which had been destroyed by fire, allowed him the range of his fields and forests in hunting, and honored him also with a life pension. After this he was invited to London, where he was received at the Haymarket Theatre with great enthusiasm. George III. endeavored to persuade him to remain, and the University of Oxford created him Doctor of Music, but he preferred returning to Vienna, and there under his patronage the young Beethoven commenced his career.

The magnificent oratorio, "The Creation," which he had arranged to the text from Milton's "Paradise Lost," was completed in his 68th year, and his last appearance in public was at its performance. At the famous passage, "And there was light," the audience burst into applause, and Haydn waving his hand toward Heaven exclaimed, "It comes from there." Being in a weak, declining state he was unable to remain until its close, but with tearful eyes, turning toward the orchestra he spread out his hands as if to bless them, and it was his farewell to the whole world.

He died in his 78th year, and one of his biographers has beautifully said, "For more than half a century music flowed from his pen in a continuous stream, always attractive, always new, always cheerful, and sometimes grand, but never touching the deep-toned harps of Handel and Beethoven, but he was the musical apostle of the beautiful and the happy." F. A. M.

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"IN A MINUTE."

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

Katie was a very willing little girl, but her willingness was always one minute too late.

No matter what her mamma wanted her to do, no matter how much she wanted it done now, Katie would speak up in a sprightly way, and say, "In a minute."

Now, there are sixty seconds in one of the sixty real minutes that it takes to make an hour; but Katie's minutes were just as long, or just as short, as she chose to make them. The were so very irregular in their length that no one could ever tell when her minute would be up.

Sometimes, after promising to do something "in a minute," scarcely a second would tick itself away before Katie would jump up, ready to do her mamma's bidding.

At other times her minute would spin itself out to such a length that it would have made ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, or even sixty of the regular minutes that most people go by. Time enough would pass in this way for Katie to forget all about what she had been told to do, for, if interested in a book (Katie was very fond of reading) or if busy with dolls, dishes, or any of her numerous playthings, Katie's minute would grow as long as the reading or playing continued; and then, as the long minute slipped away, the thought of what she had to do, and at the end it would slip away, and so be forgotten by Katie, until some one would remind her of her neglected duty.

Katie was the happy possessor of a very beautiful wax doll, which she loved very dearly.

Such a time as she had had to find a name for her.

"I want to find her a pretty name, all by myself," she had declared.

So all by herself she took the dictionary and looked over all the names from A to H. In the midst of the H's, she stopped at the queer, old fashioned name of Hephzibah.

When questioned why she took such a funny, old-fashioned name for such a pretty, new-fashioned little lady, Katie explained:

"'Cause it means just what my beautiful doll means to me. She is my delight, and the dictionary says Hephzibah means 'my delight in her.' So it's the very name for her, and she *shall* have it."

No one could convince Katie that a prettier, softer name would rest upon the golden head of her beautiful wax doll with as much grace as the old-fashioned Hephzibah, so on the day the name was found, Katie, with three drops of cologne, baptized her:

"Lady Hephzibah to everybody else, and my child Hephzie to me."

As day by day passed, and the beauty of Lady Hephzibah grew more and more real to Katie, the thought came to her that her child Hephzie was growing vain. So one day sitting by the grate fire in her cozy little chair, Katie drawing her face down in a sober way, and looking sternly at Lady Hephzibah said:

"Hephzie, my child, I have something serious to say to you, and you mustn't scowl when I tell you it is a lecture on your vanity. You are getting to be awful vain, and you must stop it right off. I s'pose you are the loveliest doll that ever was, but you shouldn't know it, and pout your lips out the way you do, when you meet your cousins and friends, just as if you wanted to tell them how much prettier you are than they. Do you know, Hephzie,"—this in a mysterious whisper, "folks get sick sometimes, and their beauty all peels off; vain folks do, I mean, but," with a loving little hug, "you can't get sick, and you can't get ugly, and you can't help being my beautiful child, so you can't."

The lecture was here interrupted by the entrance of Katie's papa, holding something in his hand done up in white paper.

"What does Katie want most of anything?" asked he, reaching it out toward her.

"Oh!" dropping Lady Hephzibah down by the grate, in a most unceremonious manner, "Oh, papa, it is a book—I'm sure it is a book!" exclaimed Katie, while an excited flush of pleasure spread over her face.

"Yes, it is a book," replied her papa, "full of pretty fairy stories for little girls like Katie."

Much delighted, Katie was soon curled up on the broad window-sill, reading as fast as her eyes could catch up the words.

She had forgotten that she had left the beautiful Lady Hephzibah with her tender skin within blistering distance of the hot, open fire.

Katie's mamma, noticing the danger of Lady Hephzibah, quietly remarked:

"Katie dear, you've left Lady Hephzibah by the fire; she'll melt if you do not take her away."

An almost breathless: "In a minute!" escaped Katie in reply.

But the minutes ticked away, and still she sat, with eager eyes, reading page after page.

It was such a wonderful book—full of fairies that were always doing something strange and beautiful; and so interested was Katie in the changes that the fairies were bringing about in the lives of the little children that were living in the book, that she was utterly unconscious of the change that her bad fairy "In a minute" was making upon her beautiful child Hephzie.

But Lady Hephzibah herself was painfully conscious of the change that was taking place in her pretty face.

Before Katie's mamma had reminded Lady Hephzibah's mamma of the danger her child was in, Lady Hephzibah had been in the greatest distress of mind for fear that her delicate skin would become turned and red looking, like "that tanned, sunburned country girl," as she called her cousin, Katie's rosy-cheeked rubber-doll; so she gave a sigh of relief when Katie's mamma reminded Lady Hephzibah's mamma of the danger of her pet child.

What was Lady Hephzibah's horror when her cruel-hearted mamma replied with a careless, "In a minute."

"Oh, dear," said Lady Hephzibah to herself; "to think my mamma should let me lie here and spoil my beautiful complexion, just because that new book pleases her so much. Oh! how the fire burns me! It is burning off my eyelashes, too! I know it is. How I will look going around with great staring eyes and no pretty, long eyelashes to soften their sky-blue loveliness. My eyes ache with the heat, and I am so utterly helpless that I cannot even pull the wire that would bring my eyelids down over my bright eyes, to protect them from this terrible heat.

"Oh, dear! I can only lie here and look at the flames, as they snap their great red eyes at me.

"Some of them look like tongues that are ready to lap up my beauty. Oh! this terrible heat! What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, dear! what was that that dripped down on my mouth just now? How queer my nose feels! It must—oh, horror! it must have been the tip of my lovely nose, and it keeps on dripping and dripping till all the sawdust in my body creeps with dread. Now my cheeks—my round, beautiful cheeks,—are sinking in! There goes the pretty pout melting off of my mouth. Oh!" moaned the poor Lady Hephzibah, with an inward shudder; "my cheeks are gone and the bones are dropping out! What else could that round, hard thing be that rolled down my melting cheeks? How dark and queer everything looks! Can it be possible? Yes—one eye is out, and the other feels loose. My beautiful golden hair is curling itself all up, in an ugly crispy way. Oh, dear! what a fright I must be now, and I was so lovely a minute ago. I don't want to live any longer! Yes, I do, too! I want to live to punish my careless, cruel mamma. I want to stare at her with my half-blind one eye, and see how she likes my sunken cheeks, with no nose between them, and my poor thin lips, with the pout all gone, that she used to kiss so often. What were the kisses worth? They could not save my beauty. Mamma Katie won't have to lecture me any more about my being so proud of my pretty face. But if I live through all this, my poor scarred face will keep lecturing her all the time about 'tending to things 'in a minute.' Oh! I feel so queer and strange. I believe I'm going to faint!"

Just then Katie looked up from her book. With a cry of dismay she threw it down on the table, and ran to poor, disfigured Lady Hephzibah; picked her up, and then the one eye left stared at Katie in such a reproachful way, that she burst into tears, sobbing: "Poor Hephzie! my poor, beautiful Hephzie!" hugging her tight to her grieving little heart.

Then seeing her mamma sitting so close to where the beautiful Lady Hephzibah had suffered, and knowing that her mamma must have seen what was happening to her Hephzie, Katie turned toward her while the hot tears poured down her face and dropped one by one on the poor melted face that could never be made pretty again.

"O, mamma!" she cried, in reproachful tones; "you saw it all! You must have seen it all! And you let my beautiful Hephzie get hurt like this! O, mamma, mamma! why didn't you tell me soon enough?"

"I wonder if my little girl has forgotten that I told her, over an hour ago, that Lady Hephzibah would melt, if she did not take her away from the fire, and that she answered, 'In a minute.'"

"N—no, mamma!" Katie sobbed out; "but the fairies would keep keeping me. The horrid, ugly fairies! I thought them such dear, sweet little things then. Now I hate them for making me make my darling Hephzie spoil. O, my poor, poor dolly! Katie wants your pretty face back again!"

Then she began to rock herself to and fro, as if nothing would comfort her.

"Katie," said her mamma, quietly and gently, "I could have reached out my hand and saved Lady Hephzibah, but I felt as if my little girl would learn the danger that lay in a minute's delay if some such punishment as this could come to her. You don't know, my dear, what a world of trouble follows those who are governed by 'In a minute.' If you will only stop to remember that 'In a minute' goes out to play, and plays and plays her life away, I'm sure you will not go with her very often, but will run away from her and join the prompt 'I am ready now.'"

"Mamma," said Katie, very earnestly, "the next time I say 'In a minute,'" won't you please burn the tip of my tongue with a red hot poker? I just wish you would!"

Katie's mamma stooped down and kissed the trembling, determined little mouth and said:

"Some kind of a poker must be used to drive 'In a minute' away, but Katie must have hold of the handle and do the burning or striking herself. If she forgets, mamma will remind her by saying, 'One! two! three! strike, Katie!'"

Katie did forget a great many times at first. But every time mamma called out, "One! two! three! strike, Katie!" Katie struck at "In a minute" with a prompt, "Yes, mamma, I'm ready now."

After Katie had struck "In a minute" all to pieces, she was rewarded one day by finding herself the proud owner of another wax doll, which was larger and more beautiful than Lady Hephzibah ever dreamed of being. Katie treated her with such consideration that her beauty never waxed pale; and Katie was ever afterward a happy little girl, whose minutes were just sixty seconds long.

A CELESTIAL FAIRY TALE.—That snakes contain in their heads certain precious stones is an old belief common to most branches of the human family. A story in a native book of anecdotes relates how a foreigner passing a pork-butcher's shop asks the master what he will take for the bench on which the pork is exposed. The answer, given in tun, is "fifty taels." The foreigner offers to pay the money. This convinces the butcher that there must be something valuable in the bench, so he declines to sell it, and carefully puts it by. The foreigner leaves the place and returns after a year's absence. Seeing the butcher, he asks after the bench, and in answer to a very natural inquiry why he deems it so valuable, informs him that lodged in a cavity within it is a snake, holding in its mouth a precious gem. He further adds that the snake lives on the blood that soaks through the wood from the raw meat exposed on it, and that when this supply is cut off the snake will die and the gem become worthless. Cursing his own stupidity, the butcher seizes a hatchet and splits the bench open, finding the snake dead, while the jewel it undoubtedly holds in its mouth is of the same color as the eye of a dried fish.

—A belief in the saying that "two heads are better than one," is with many a young man a sufficient and satisfactory reason for desiring to have his girl rest hers on his shoulder, in addition to his own.

FEMININITIES.

A female thief arrested in Boston said she was obliged to steal to support her husband.

A young widow in New Orleans, being asked her husband's health, replied, "He's dead, I thank you!"

When you go to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes; they may fit your wife's second husband.

"Now is the winter of our discontent," as the old maid said when, turned forty, she found herself without a suitor.

"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," she replied, "but you may have me, if you will."

An English lady of the true kind never wears a silk dress until she has completed her domestic duties, which would be at about noon.

The man who is always bragging that his wife is worth her weight in gold, always allows her to get up in the night to doctor the children.

If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for everything he does, right or wrong, and scold him before you know that he has done anything.

A Baltimore woman pinched a schoolboy's arm and he is threatened with death from the injury. His parents refused to have his arm amputated, as the surgeons advised.

Beware of a vulgar woman, a woman who is reckless of her speech, and to appear witty violates propriety. Such a woman should be shunned, for her influence is against correct deportment.

A young woman of Newburg, Wis., seconded by her mother, whipped her father because he would not raise $500 for her dowry, that she might marry a man who wanted that sum with his wife.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the far West?" "Oh, I'm delighted with the idea. When Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are; but he died in three years and left his widow worth $100,000."

A fashionable young widow, having married an elderly man, annoyed him by frequent references to her "first husband," whereat he finally remonstrated. "I have no doubt," said the fond creature, pouting her pretty lips, "that you'll be glad to have me remember you when you're dead and gone and I'm married again."

A woman is a handy thing to have about the house. She doesn't cost any more to keep than you'll give her, and she'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night, she'll be awake when you get home, and then she'll tell you all about yourself, and more too. Of course she'll know where you've been, and what kept you so late, and will tell you; yet, right after that, she will ask where you have been, and what kept you out so late. And after you tell her, and she won't believe you, you mustn't mind that; and if after going to bed she says she hasn't shut her eyes the whole night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer, and won't go to sleep when she has a chance, you mustn't mind that, either; it's her nature.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A FOX sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

IF you act with a view to praise only, you deserve none.

BREAKING is the worst and therefore the last means to be used in the correction of children.

ALWAYS be as witty as you can with your parting bow; your last speech is the one remembered.

KNOWLEDGE, when the possession of only a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

IT is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself.

WE appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally deprived of them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

THERE is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

GOOD nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flowers.

INSULT not misery, neither deride infirmity, nor ridicule deformity; the first is inhuman, the second shows folly, and the third pride.

BAD habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

IN the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting; the tree forced to unnatural luxuriance of bloom bears it and dies.

GREAT effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

MEN think it no shame to give handsome obsequies to those dead whom living they had suffered to starve unnoticed; but the struggle of sinking poverty passes unseen in its corner.

IT cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect it without it as to look for a harvest without seed.

PEOPLE who endeavor to attract that attention by dress which they cannot obtain by intrinsic worth, resemble soap bubbles blown by children—the thinnest bubbles show the brightest colors.

HE who can wait for what he desires takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it; he who labors after a thing too impatiently, thinks the success when achieved not a recompense for all his pains to achieve it.

ECCENTRICITY is harmless, but never can be commendable; it is one of the children of that prolific falling, vanity. And whether it shows itself in singular manners or peculiarities of dress, it is clearly acted upon from the presumptuous supposition that the many are in the wrong, the individual in the right.

GAIETY is one of the foibles of mankind; and, because it is so, should never be indulged in, but always resisted. Although grief at the loss of anything valuable or advantageous seems to be, in a degree, natural, yet, till the order of things is reversed and the utility of it shows, it must appear to the philosopher nothing better than sickness.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SHEEP AND WEEDS.—Sheep will eat what no other stock will eat, and thus save the labor required by the thrifty farmer to keep down noxious weeds.

BEANS AND POTATOS.—It is found that 1,500 pounds of potatos are required in cattle-feeding to form the same quantity of flesh that 100 pounds of beans would do.

THE POTATO IN PRUSSIA.—In Prussia it is said the potato is cultivated with peculiar success. As the stalk grows, the earth is heaped up, leaving only three leaves at the top; roots are thus greatly increased, while the produce is said to be astonishing.

CONTENTS OF AN ACRE.—An acre of soil one foot deep contains 4,000,000 pounds. An acre of American soil, six inches deep, is estimated to contain 17,333 pounds of potash, 12,500 pounds of lime, 16,600 pounds of magnesia, 4,000 pounds of soda, 2,280 pounds of sulphuric acid, 4,000 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 500 pounds of chlorine.

BUTTERMILK CHEESES.—Buttermilk cheeses are made by simply straining the buttermilk through a cloth, and then either gently heating the buttermilk, which causes the curd to separate, or, as is sometimes done, by the addition of rennet. This kind of cheese is not unworthy of attention, as it is often richer than that made from milk only once skimmed.

CARE OF TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS.—Every farmer should keep a pot of mixed paint in his workshop, and should apply it liberally to plows, wagons, harrows, reapers and all instruments that are exposed to the weather. This will cause them to last twice as long as usual. Farming tools and implements are less frequently run out by hard service, than used up by useless exposure to the weather when they are not in service.

SETTING HENS.—It is convenient to have two hens hatching at the same time, since if accidents happen the two broods may be united; again, on the hatching day it frequently occurs that, to prevent the newly-born chicks being crushed by eggs that are behind time, it is desirable to give all that are hatched to one hen, while the other takes charge of the eggs alone. Not only does this give security to the chicks, who run some hazard of being crushed if they are kept for any prolonged time under the mother, but the unhatched eggs also stand a better chance; for, when a hen finds chickens under her she sits nigher from the eggs and less warmth is afforded them at the time they require it most.

PROLONGING FLOWER LIFE.—Botany furnishes us a useful hint for prolonging the life of many single flowers. This may be done by removing the anthers, for when the pollen on these becomes ripe the stigma gets impregnated, and the flower, having fulfilled its natural destiny, drops its petals and withers. In the case of blossoms that fall into pieces very easily, it is a good idea to let fall a drop of gum or mucilage into the centre, which will glue the petals together at the base. To prevent this from running out before it hardens, the flowers should be kept upright by putting their stems through the bottom of a sieve or sticking them in sand. With the aid of a camel's hair brush or a pointed stick, a large number of flowers may be gummed in a short time.

OILING AND BLACKING HARNESS.—All harness that is in constant use should be washed, oiled and blacked, at least twice a year. When it is to be oiled, unbuckle all the parts, and wash the surface clean with strong soapsuds. Any coating of gum which the soapsuds will not remove may be taken off with a little turpentine or benzine. Then warm the leather through and through. As soon as it is dry on the surface, and before it is dry to the centre, apply the oil. Neatsfoot oil is the best. Linseed oil will make the harness dry and stiff. Apply the oil with a paint brush or a swab, the harness lying on a bench or smooth board. The small pieces may be dipped in a pan of oil and drawn out slowly between the thumb and forefinger to wipe off the excess of the fluid. By using a large pan, one can oil a harness in a few moments neatly and thoroughly, and without wasting any oil. As soon as the oil has dried in, a coat of leather-varnish should be applied.

Alternately Shaken and Scorched

By the paroxysms of chills and fever, the wretched sufferer for whom quinine has been prescribed essays in vain to exterminate the dreadful disease with that hurtful palliative, which at best only mitigates the violence of the fits, and eventually proves highly injurious to the system. In order to effect a thorough cure of malarial fever, whether intermittent or remittent, or to render the system impregnable to its attacks, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be used daily. That this medicine is a searching eradicant of diseases generated by miasma; and a reliable safeguard against them, is a fact so widely recognized in this and other countries that to adduce evidence in support of it is unnecessary; but were it either essential or desirable to do so, it may well be supposed that from the testimony corroborative of its claims, which has been accumulating during the last twenty-five years and over, sufficient proofs might be gathered to convince the most inveterate skeptic.

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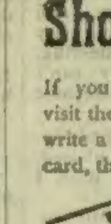

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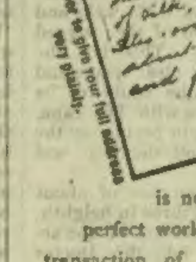

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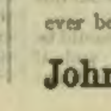

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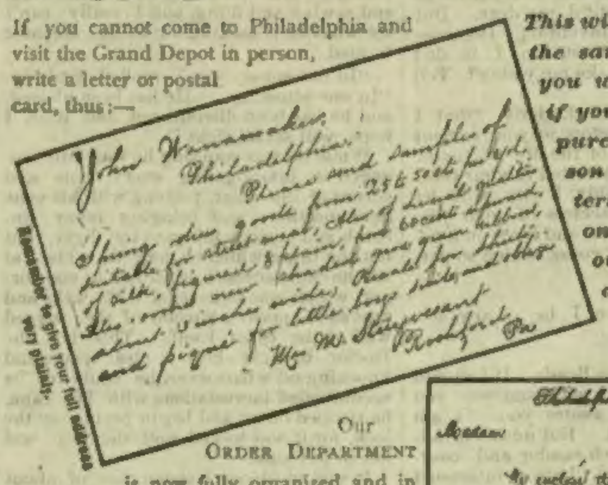

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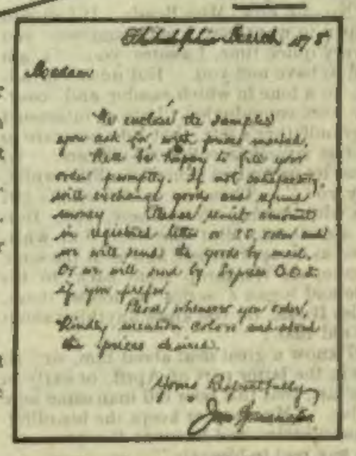
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FIVE.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know,
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in Heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies:
How can I wait for my seeds to grow!"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks, and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep:
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky:
How can I wait till a month is o'er!"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring:
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slowly raising his stately head.
"But there's much to win; there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare!
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate!"

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing low his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night;
How long, O God! is eternity?"

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

II.

BESSIE.

The old man darted abruptly over towards the direction of the knocking, exclaiming:

"Ah, ha! That is Bessie. My Bessie!"

"Who is Bessie?" shouted Enderly after him.

The old man returned:

"You shall see for yourself."

And he unbolted the back door with a great flurry and fuss, and in darted a young girl of about seventeen years of age. She was a very beautiful young woman, clad in plain and modest garments, and looking like one who had been compelled to be parsimonious, but her face was so sweet, her demeanor so ladylike, that the Doctor stared at her as if she had been a goddess, and riveted his gaze upon her despite the girl's blushes as she upturned her eyes upon him for a moment, dropped them and crimsoned like a hot-house peach.

"That's Bessie!" said Winthrop, his old face fairly beaming as he brought the girl forward, and his ancient look fast disappearing as he stood beside her and looked at her with an expression that suggested deep affection.

"Are you better, grandpa?" she exclaimed as she caught his hand and echoed in her features the expression of his face.

"Yes, yes, Bessie. The Doctor is here—here he is!" He will make me young again. He will do me great good. He will restore me to my daughter—make me happy, happy, happy. Surely this is too much happiness for me? Just think, Bessie, that this kind Doctor has promised to restore me to youth, health, friends, and kindred. I shall see Carrie again!"

"Oh! I am so glad!" said the girl, "and we ought all to be so thankful to God for sending this good gentleman here."

"Bobby went for him," said the old man.

"And I told Bobby to go, grandpa," she returned.

"You see, sir," she added, addressing Enderly, "you see that my brother came into grandpa's room early this evening and found him lying on the bed, looking as white, and pale, and miserable as could be. Well, what does he do? After trying to rouse poor grandpa, who had sunken into a sleep, he calls for me; when lo and behold, grandpa wakes up, rushes to the little fellow, grasps him, and cries out: 'Get a doctor. Quick, quick. I'm dying, and Carrie can't see me. Get a doctor. I must be made young again!'"

"Yes, yes, so I must!" cried Winthrop.

"All right," said Enderly. "I will try to accomplish that great desire of yours, if you only obey me and do as I want you to do. You see you are unnecessarily fretting and wearying yourself in spite of all I told you. Is this young lady a relative of yours?"

He turned to the young girl, and interrogated her directly:

"Are you his grand-daughter?"

"No sir; I'm no relation at all. My mother rents this house of him, sir. He owns it. But I always call him grandpa, because he has been so lonely, and I have tried to make him happy. Always tried to make him happy, sir."

"So you have, so you have, Bessie dear," said the old man, "but Carrie was once a good girl. She was as beautiful as you are—just as beautiful, my dear. But oh, the patient—the invention, Doctor—what am I to do? What am I to do? Were you going to make me young? Tell me yes or no."

"I told you," replied Enderly, "that I would endeavor to restore to your ancient frame some glimmer of the fire of youth, but as I am deeply interested in your case, Mr. Winthrop, possibly, if you will let me into the domestic secrets of your life, I may expedite matters, and force on a solution of this enigma yours, which so perplexes you."

Bessie interposed:

"Shall I stay? Can I be of any service?"

Enderly replied:

"No, not now, Miss Bessie. If I should happen to want you, I will summon you in very quick time, I assure you. I am glad to have met you. But now," he added, in a tone in which candor and courtesy were commingled, "I am so interested in grandfather's fate, that I do not care to interest myself in collateral matters. So please let us remain alone for a little while, pray you." Then he added as the girl was withdrawing, "come here, Miss Bessie, a moment. But one word," he whispered as he approached, and as at the same moment old Winthrop went back to his table and began a series of noises there, "Miss Bessie, do you know anything about this old man?"

"I know a great deal about him, sir. It was in the latter part of April, or early in May last, that this poor old man came here to live. My mother keeps the boarding-house upstairs, and he owns the property. We pay rent to him, sir."

"Ah, and his relations—have you ever seen any friends of his here? Any ladies or children?"

"Never, sir—never. I always come into this cellar before I go to work, and I always find him alone working away—hammering, and sawing and scraping like mad at this machinery of his—this clock work. See," she whispered, "he is at it now—he is mad, I think, Doctor."

"He is certainly a curious personage, Miss Bessie," replied the Doctor, looking at the girl with an expression in which were commingled admiration and curiosity, "I would not venture to declare him mad, but he is nearly mad." Then he said in a subdued tone to the girl, "why, he nearly throttled me just now, before you knocked—before you came."

"And he very nearly throttled me, too, sir."

"When?"

"About six months ago. He happened to come across me, and he darted on me and caught me by the arm, and his eyes looked so wild, and he cried out: 'Where's Carrie, where's Carrie? I was never so frightened in my life."

"Look, look!" said the Doctor, as he pointed to where Winthrop was sitting fussing over a piece of brass work. "See, he is even now asleep."

In fact, as he was speaking, the old man's head bent lower and lower over the table, and he at length fell into a deep slumber.

Then Enderly, taking from his pocket-case a vial, dropped a portion into a tumbler near at hand, and said to Bessie: "When he wakes give him this, and see that he takes it."

"I will, sir—I will watch him."

"Poor old man; he is half crazed in more senses than one."

"So I think, sir."

"Do you know his daughter?"

"No sir! He's always speaking of her, though."

"Yes, but what do you think her name is?"

"I really can't find out. Nobody can find out, sir."

"Well, in that case we must resort to hard work and cunning. I'll see him again and try to discover. In the meantime, while he sleeps, let you and I, Miss Bessie, make a little search around here and see if we cannot chance upon something tangible, for I confess it will be of no use to rouse his old memory into life again. Come on, Miss Bessie," repeated Enderly, "taking up the lamp from the table, "let us examine this rickety and musty old cellar; perchance we may happen to come across something which will reveal to us the name of his child. If so, all will be well."

Meanwhile the old man, his head bent upon his thin hands, was sound asleep in the midst of the mechanical litter he had created, and as Enderly withdrew the lamp, he was soon left in utter darkness, and a region of the cellar hitherto a blank blackness, became revealed and defined into a collection of odds and ends, trunks, papers, clothes, chairs, tables, a coal bin, a wooden safe, a collection of lumber, dirt, cobwebs—confusion.

Enderly was astonished when he came across a couple of chairs of scarlet damask, all moth-eaten, and he cried to Bessie:

"Heigho! Here is a relic of some past splendor. He has evidently known better days."

"Yes, indeed, sir. He has often spoken to me of his houses, and lands and his riches."

"Indeed."

"He has been robbed and ill treated—that's my opinion," said Bessie. "But what's that there in the corner, sir?"

"That—that," replied the Doctor, touching it with his cane—"that looks like a book—an old book too. I will examine it."

He picked it up, opened the leaf, and read inscribed therein:

"To Caroline Winthrop, a birthday present from her affectionate father."

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "this is a trace, but not the trace I want. I want to find out what her married name is. That once obtained, I shall lose no time in trying to discover the woman, and get the whole truth out of her. Let us penetrate the farther end of this gloomy den, Miss Bessie. Here are boxes in plenty, and plenty of rags and tatters, and shavings and what not, but I know not how to get at them. Perhaps I had better defer this examination till another time. It is late, and I have no desire to interfere with your time or his. By the way, Miss Bessie——" He stopped as he said this, and looked her full in the eyes—"are you really interested in this old man; you call him grandpa, and you are a good girl, but are you really interested in this question regarding the finding of his daughter, her restoration, and the reconciliation which must follow."

"As God lives I am," she rejoined fervently, "and I am happy in the presentiment that ere long he will find her, and be restored to her."

"Why does he live here in this cellar?" queried Enderly.

"It is a whim of his," responded Bessie. "We coaxed him and coaxed him to abandon it and move upstairs, but he will not. He still sticks here, and here he is day and night, night and day over his work—pounding and hammering, and sawing and filing, and I really can't see what he is making out of it. He must be mad."

"In one sense, yes," replied Enderly. "In one sense, no. He has been abused, and he has been discouraged, but time, I hope, will set all right."

While he was speaking he was still engaged in investigating every hole and corner of the cellar, probing with his cane here and there, and bringing many uncouth and antique things to the light, but not the thing which he desired. Then at last he came across a small box in one corner, which was so covered with webs and dust as to appear a portion of the rugged wall of the cellar itself. This box the Doctor brought into a clear space, and knocking off whatsoever he could of its accumulated incrustations with his cane, he stooped down and began prying at the lock, for it was locked, and the key was not to be found.

It was an oblong wooden case of about ten inches in length, and three in heighth; and after brushing off a portion of the accumulated dust upon its lid, the Doctor read the label—

"Caroline Winthrop."

"Now," said he to Bessie who was gazing wonderingly upon his manœuvres, "shall I dare to break open this box or not? What shall I do? I know not what it contains, but I must. I am determined to find out something about the mystery of this place, or give it up at once as a bad job. What would you advise me to do, Miss Bessie, for you know more about this place than I do?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot say. It would be best to find out whatever you can, and if this box contains anything which will put you on the track, it will be a good thing, sir."

"I have a suspicion it does," said Enderly.

"Why not wait till grandpa wakes up, and ask his opinion?" queried the young girl.

"Why, of course not, Miss Bessie; the old fellow would rave like a lunatic. It is a good thing he is asleep, too, for if he were not we might be made afraid of penetrating into these secret places of his den. I'll break open the box, and take the consequences."

"Oh, I would not."

"Why not? I'm here on an errand to save and cure mind, body and soul. Why should I not do all I can to discover traces which will lead me out of my perplexities. Everything is fair in love and war, Miss Bessie."

"Is it, sir?"

He looked up at her and smiled. She said this so naively, and looked so charming, that he was for the moment allured to question her respecting her name, family, condition, and to investigate the mystery which enveloped her, forgetting for the nonce that which enveloped his old patient.

"This is the more interesting of the two," he said to himself. "By Jove, I must find out all about charming Bessie."

Then he went back to the box, and taking out his penknife, began prying at the lid to force it open. But that instrument was of no avail, and the Doctor busied himself searching about the back cellar for a suitable implement. Then he came into the front cellar and picked out from among Winthrop's tools a chisel, and it was but the work of an instant to pry off the lid and make himself master of the contents of the box.

There were rolls of papers, parchments, and a book inside.

He took out one of the parchments.

It was a deed.

The Doctor was some time reading this instrument. It proved to be a conveyance of a property in some street to a personage named Holbrooke, by Winthrop. The deed was an old one, and was in parts nearly illegible.

"Did you ever hear Mr. Winthrop speak of a person named Holbrooke?" asked Enderly of Bessie.

"Never."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have a suspicion this Holbrooke is his son-in-law, and that this deed is only a copy of the original which he holds. But nobody can tell."

Enderly again dived into the box and brought up a paper—an incomprehensible paper to him, for it was a cryptograph full of strange characters and strange words, and it read thus, literally:

"X—A. B. O. T. F. 2. J. O. T. Mn. 34878. To make one's self master of the situation, let him have in addition to other powers, the power of soaring. There is no limit to this same in the limit of respirable atmosphere. X. O. X. P. "O. J. N. E. E. N. P. o. c. L."

This curious document first made Enderly stare, and then smile, and then he said, as he handed the paper to the young girl:

"Look here, this paper is a mixture of lunacy and lucid intervals. The lucid intervals I decipher, I imagine, for it means that our old friend here, Mr. Winthrop, has evidently an ambition to make a *flying* machine, and to avail himself of it when other things fail to leave our atmosphere."

"Why, I declare. Is that what he is working at all the time?"

"Without doubt it is," answered the Doctor. "The rest of this paper is to me unintelligible at present, though I may after awhile, and in calmer moments be able to decipher it. What else have we here?"

He dragged forth the book, opened it and read the title:

"The Theory of Regeneration of Life, Youth and Health. The Elixir of Life a Substantial Reality. How to Recreate One's Self and Live Anew, by M. W."

"M. W!" cried the Doctor. "That's Martin Winthrop himself, I declare. This is a book of his, illustrating his mania—his whim. The book is a curiosity. I will look over it."

He pocketed the volume, and then went on hurriedly in his further examination of the box.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, producing another roll of parchment, "another deed?—no," he added, as he unfolded it. "This seems to be a marriage certificate of one Joseph Holbrooke and Caroline Winthrop. Hello! Here is a clue. But why the deuce is this paper in the old chap's possession? Joseph Holbrooke—ha! Now I may get on the track of this woman herself. This, it seems, is the only child, Miss Bessie, so he tells me at least, and there may something come out of this little paper. Holbrooke. Holbrooke. I'll take the paper with me, and see if I cannot restore some order into this chaos by means of it."

Doctor Enderly took the certificate and began to examine it more closely. He became quite interested in its contents, while the girl stood near him, looking at him with a sort of half awe, half admiration, and ever and anon casting her glances down through the cellar to see if the weary old man were still asleep.

"This is the document I want," said Enderly, folding it up and placing it in his pocket.

"Does it trace his daughter?"

"It does."

"I am glad of it."

"Tell me, Miss Bessie, how came this old chap to send after me this evening?"

"It was through me, sir. You see I came into the cellar, when Bobby called me, and I saw him lying on the bed with his eyes shut, and I gave a scream and ran up to help him, and asked him what was the matter. Then he told my brother, to run as quick as he could and get a doctor. Bobby said: 'What doctor?' Any doctor, and be quick about it. Said Bobby: 'Oh, I know a doctor—he give me ten cents for holdin' his h rse one day—I know him, and I'll fetch him.' Off runs Bobbie, and then you came. In the meantime grandpa had recovered, and he got up and took a seat at his table and began working as if nothing had happened; and I was astonished, and asked him how he felt. He was very snappish, growled out something, and went on working. I ran upstairs, for mother called me, and then you came. It seem after I ran up, he must have bolted the back door there, for I cannot understand why I had to knock to get in. Old people are very queer, Doctor."

"They are indeed," said Enderly, "and now I'll be going. You see to his getting his medicine, please, Miss Bessie. I'll be around early in the morning, for I want to ask him a host of questions. I shall expect him to be in such a frame of mind that my questioning will not render him crabbed. And now, one more glance into this box and I'll be off like a shot."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Dame Fashion takes an active part in the preparations for Easter decorations, for it is the occasion when the sombre garb of extreme simplicity, which is deemed suitable for the Lenten season, is laid aside, and like the buds which expand into their full radiance of blossom and beauty, to do homage to the occasion, the fair votaries of Fashion don their most charming costumes, which are generally illustrations of the latest and most exquisite fantasies of Fashion.

It would be difficult to enumerate or describe the bewildering variety of costumes and bonnets which make their first appearance on this occasion. The materials and trimmings show the most dazzling effects, but receive a subdued tone from the combination with plain materials; or when the costume is plain in its character, an additional charm is given by the graceful fichu or mantelet, which glitters with a trimming of iris pearl or clair de lune jet.

A black silk costume is generally one of the most popular toilettes sought after at this season, for independent of its extreme utility and general becomingness, it has an adaptability for all occasions; it can be of extreme simplicity and yet possess great elegance, or it can with that elegance possess all the characteristics of a richness which has given full scope to the most extravagant ideas.

A costume of black gros grain silk which appeared recently fresh from Mr. Wanamaker's expert designer of costumes, was all that could be desired for an elegant toilette. The skirt was made with a demi train in wide full pleats from the waist down; in the front the silk was drawn across towards the back in loose folds, and held in their place by three perpendicular rows of exquisite iris pearl passementerie, forming a shell design; this gave the silk folds the appearance of three long bouillons or puffs from the waist to the feet. The trimming on the edge of the skirt all around was composed of two narrow pleatings falling, with two narrow pleatings standing up as a heading tacked here and there to the skirt, and giving a most graceful effect. The corsage was cut with a cuirasse front and coat tails in the back, and effectively trimmed with the passementerie.

The bonnet to be worn with this costume was white chip, the close capote shape; the edge was trimmed with a row of small glossely-set white pearl beads. A half wreath of shaded roses, from creamy white to deep jacquemenot red, encircled the top of the crown and half concealed by a tulle scarf, which also formed the strings.

As Fashion takes her nomenclature from historical personages and events, she also takes from the successes of the stage a name which will add to the success of some of her fantasies. So the chronicles of Paris tell that in honor of the latest dramatic success "Joseph Balsamo," we are to have the "Balsamo" hat which is said to be of straw and resembles in shape the chimney pot. The crown will be lower than the crown of a gentleman's hat, and the brim will be larger and turned up at the sides; it is of black or white straw, or may be of straw to match the color of the costume with which it is worn. Around the crown is a long gauze veil with a handsome wing and buckle which holds the wing in place. To accompany this hat is the "Balsamo" coat. It is made in silk or cloth and may be black, iron grey, or dark blue. It forms a casaque with large revers, similar to the Louis XVI., and displays in front three waistcoats, graduating in length, the longest reaching almost to the bottom of the dress, the middle one just half the length, while the upper one is just an ordinary cuirasse vest. The chief ornaments are very pronounce buttons, in which all the vagaries of fashion are visible. They are painted in the most exquisite designs, or are of pebble crystal, with a scarabeil in the centre, and of malachite. The revers may be silk or brocade of some contrasting shade, and embroidered in jet or silk; or if a simpler style is preferred they are of the same color as the redingote, and simply fastened back by a button.

I have mentioned before that a furore exists for wearing fancy buttons. Japanese cloisonne are among the latest. Japanese neello work is another equally new, and in the design is black. Imagine the latest freak of wearing enamelled plates, postage stamps and bank notes! But we can only imagine such vagaries of dress as suitable for the fancy costume, and look for something different for everyday wear.

Among the novel ties in buttons which Mr. Wanamaker displays, is the great variety of tinted pearl buttons which are used on the many-tinted materials which have appeared for summer costumes.

In place of the familiar silk buttons matching the dress, there are now shown pearl buttons with exquisitely-tinted centres, resembling malachite, aquamarine blue, pinkish pearl, frosted pearl with concave or oval surface, green pearl inlaid with a white design; others inlaid in garnet pearl and lapis-lazuli, and pearl with pearl inlaid stripes in variegated tints. The prices of these vary from fifty and seventy-five cents to $1.50 a dozen.

Dame Fashion has sought in the fantasies of the past for many of the charms with which she tempts the fair sex, and the rage for the antique sends her votaries searching among all the old recesses of stored treasures for parasol handles of old Dresden china, which handles are to be all the rage among the elegantes, to accord with the revival of the period of Louis XIV. in dress.

Large collars and flat cuffs of lace and embroidery will be worn more than ever, and to correspond with the cambric or linen dress with its garniture of colored embroidery, the collar and cuffs are of linen and embroidered on the edge with the colors used on the dress.

The French Exposition has created many necessities in dress which at other seasons would not be required, but as they possess so many attractions independent of the occasion, I have no doubt that they will find patrons here as well as beyond the sea.

I have mentioned the short costume, which has made for itself a decided position among the fashions of the day, and a material suitable for this is the small tartan plaid in dark blues and greens mixed with black.

Dresses are made according to one's taste, either princesse, the two skirts and separate corsages, or the polonaise with skirt, the variety and difference of each being in the trimming.

The general appearance is still very clinging, and as this precludes the pocket as worn of old in the dress, the fashion of small bags suspended from the waist has become quite general. These are in leather, with silver-plated bindings and clasps, or what is more elegant, in velvet with the monogram and binding in silver, the former in cipher generally. The invasion of the short costume has given foundation to many predictions that the bouffant skirt, or tournure would be revived, but this depends much on the continuance of the short costume.

Linen and cotton goods present many attractive features this spring, and as the warm season approaches, we are promised some charming models. Colored embroidery seems to have taken the place of Torchon lace as a trimming for these materials. One or two ruffles edged with embroidery trim the skirt, and the overskirt resembles a scarf also trimmed with colored embroidery. The bodice is pleated into a yoke, which has the same trimming. A fichu to correspond is worn with this costume, and has on the edge embroidery to match the rest. To achieve the completeness of this toilette, the parasol is of linen matching in shade the dress, and trimmed to correspond. For costumes of cambric and lawn, the fichu may be of white lawn, scolloped and dotted on the edge in colored wool or Ingrain cotton, to match the colors of the embroidery on the dress.

The new parasols have round tops in place of the canopy tops popular last year. The sticks are long and slender, and blank and corn are the favorite colors, lined with a contrasting color or white; the edge of the lining is pinked and the outside scolloped and bound, while between is a loop and end of ribbon forming a fringe. Lacquered sticks, plain ebony and bamboo colored red, black or yellow, are seen. The fashion of embroidery on the parasol, which was so popular last year, is still in favor, and exquisite designs are embroidered in different colors, representing birds, flowers or butterflies. The hair is worn quite high on the head, and at the nape of the neck are tiny little curls. The headdress a la Greeque is much affected by some; light fluffy bandeaux on the forehead, and small curls at the top of the head, and three bandalettes or fillets of silver, gold or ribbon, passing through them. The Mercedes headdress is a recent novelty; there is a fringe of hair over the forehead, and the hair at the temples is waved and combed upwards. Several combs of light tortoise shell studded with balls are then fastened in here and there. Large tortoise shell balls, natural butterflies, humming birds and small gold and silver birds are fashionable ornaments for the hair. Similar birds are found on the new spring bonnets, and silver and gold thistles and oats, while the same metals are interwoven in the straw. There is but little new in gloves; undressed kid is the favorite for outdoor wear; beige and mastic tints look the best when the gloves are not selected to match the dress. These shades, with wood and tan, are used for ordinary wear, while the delicate shades of lavender or gris perle are used for dress occasions.

Mr. Wanamaker displays a charming variety of handkerchiefs at moderate prices. Very good quality have the edge scolloped in colors, a large or small scollop. These are 25 cents each. Others have a large scollop in one or two colors, and in each scollop a tiny bouquet is embroidered in colors; these are 50 cents each, and make a pretty and suitable accessory to the toilette of cambric or lawn with colored embroidered trimming. I may as well say that everything is embroidery, for it is a popular garniture for everything.

White and colored flannel bands in pale and dark blue, cardinal, etc., are exquisitely embroidered in colors, and make very pretty trimmings for dressing sacques, skirts, etc.

In veils we have black and white net, dotted with gilt and silver beads, and all the different jets.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

The Fireside Chat has done so much to gratify its many readers in telling them of all the novelties in fancy work and pretty things for our homes, as well as such well-selected cooking recipes, I think all those who have been benefitted by it should contribute something to its columns, and thereby keep in circulation the good things we know about.

I am happy to contribute something in answer to an inquiry from "Novello," asking how to color plaster figures to make them look less cheap. I suppose the plaster figure vendors are visitors to many country homes, so the few hints I can give may prove interesting and useful:

I have treated plaster figures in two ways, both of which have been much admired. In the first I make them look like pink glazed china by brushing them over with a mixture of pink sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine. Break the sealing wax up (it must be the best), and pour a little spirits of wine on it, and as it dissolves keep adding more until it is of the consistency of treacle; then brush it over evenly; one coat ought to be enough. Sometimes two are required, but no varnish. My second mode gives plaster figures the appearance of marble, and this is the recipe: Dissolve 1 oz. of pure curd soap grated in water, and add 1 oz. of white wax cut in thin slices; when the whole is incorporated it is fit for use. Having dried the figure before the fire, suspend it by a string and dip it in the mixture. When it has absorbed the varnish dip it in a second time, and that generally suffices. Cover it carefully from the dust for a week, then rub it gently with soft cotton wool, which gives a brilliant gloss like polished marble. By immersing the cast when perfectly dry in pale linseed oil, it produces an appearance like wax. If the cast be large, the oil must be laid on with a brush, which is a tedious process, as the plaster absorbs a great quantity. Dip the cast in melted stearic, and this will harden the plaster and give it a waxy appearance. Stearic acid is semi-transparent, and closely resembles spermaceti. Figures thus prepared may be washed with soap and water.—*As old friend of the dear old Post.*

I suppose the readers of the Fireside Chat are always glad to hear of any novelty in fancy work, particularly if it utilizes something old and discarded. An original way of utilizing an old pair of bellows was shown to us the other day. The back and point were divided and nailed to a small wooden box, and in the box a fern was planted; the box had a hole through the back through which a nail passed fastening it to the wall. The bellow's sides were covered with gold paper, and in the centre a group of flowers was pasted, such as are sold for ornamentation. The whole was varnished and finished off by a handsome blue ribbon bow. Another pair of bellows was converted into a flower receptacle by being hung up against the wall of a small conservatory, and a fern planted in it, a tin lining or box fitting into it. The bellows was painted black with a colored design pasted in the centre (a bird is effective), and the whole varnished. Another suggestion I think will prove acceptable to some of your readers who like to ornament the fireplace in the summer when fires are not used. Gilt butterflies are very effective for this purpose, laid on white tarlatan or shavings. The butterflies are first cut in card board and the gold paper pasted on. The body is made by twisting the gold paper into the form of a butterfly about three and a half inches long, thicker in the centre and graduating toward the ends. The wings should be about three inches long and three and a half wide, decreasing in width toward the body. These gilt butterflies look very well on pieces of real fern. Table mats of straw are gilded or silvered and look very pretty under a glass or silver flower dish in the centre of the table.—*A Constant Reader.*

Cottage Cheese Pies.—I think I can venture to reply to Esther's inquiry, and send two cheese pie recipes, which I think she will like. Prepare a light paste, with which line some patty pans; then fill them with the following, mixed very smooth: Two cupfuls of curds or cheese, one tablespoonful extract of nutmeg, one-half cupful of cream, the yolks two eggs, one tablespoonful of brandy, one cup of sugar; bake in a quick oven ten minutes. No. 2 is for cheese tartlets, as follows: Make a paste with one oz. of butter, two oz. of flour, the yolk of an egg, a little water, a pinch of salt; roll it out to the thickness of an eighth of an inch, and line some patty pans with it. Take two oz. of finely-grated Parmesan cheese, beat it up in a bowl, with the yolks of two eggs; add pepper, salt, cayenne and nutmeg, according to taste—very little of the two latter; then work in three tablespoonfuls of cream, fill each patty pan with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven till done. I hope Esther will send a good recipe in return, to—*Madge.*

Mountain Girl.—I would suggest for your lawn either a skirt and overskirt with pleated bodice and yoke, which seems very popular for wash materials, or if your figure requires something plainer, why not make it in some pretty polonaise style; a pattern of any of these styles I can send you on receipt of stamp and 20 cents.

I would suggest as a trimming some colored Hamburg embroidery, either blue or cardinal, or several colors combined, and you can add some pretty ribbon bows of corresponding colors when you wish to make it more dressy. The embroidery is in all widths and from 7 to 10 cents for narrow styles, up to 20 and 25 cents for wide ruffles.

I have made allusion to gloves in my article on dress in this number.

I do a great deal of shopping for the subscribers to the *Post*, all over the country, without any extra charge and at the lowest prices to be obtained, and will purchase anything desired, from a needle to a piano.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

LAURA, (Randolph, Ga.)—A young lady of seventeen is not too young to form a matrimonial engagement, provided all other circumstances be favorable.

BELLE PATH, (McKenzie, Tenn.)—It is against our rules to publish the names of business houses in this column. We will send the information you require by postal card.

E. J., (Ornat, Wis.)—If there be any doubt relative to the honesty of the administratrix in the matter, your best course would be to employ a solicitor to take charge of your interests.

R. S., (Hardin, Ky.)—If you do not like the young gentleman whom your guardian wishes you to marry, you should explain yourself frankly to the former, and firmly to the latter.

B. M., (Midland, Mich.)—You can surely have no difficulty in making up your mind how to act on discovering that you have been courting a confirmed flirt. Have no more to do with the matter.

HENRIETTA, (Jackson, Kans.)—A young person of sixteen ought not to take any serious step without her parents' consent. To become an actress, you must first practice with an amateur corps, or take dramatic lessons. Persons cannot become actors or actresses all in a moment.

KING LEAR, (Phila., Pa.)—Kings of old had licensed fools, or jesters, who were generally very clever men. The last was Killegrew, jester to Charles II. The lord mayors, in humble imitation, had also their fools. They are introduced in many others of Shakspeare's plays, and those of different authors of his period.

COOK, (Adams, Neb.)—Soulouque was a negro who declared himself Emperor of Hayti in 1844. He created among the negroes 400 nobles, of whom four were princes, fifty-nine dukes and twelve marquises. The others were counts, barons and knights. Soulouque could not write more than his signature, and could only read print. We cannot tell of any work that treats of him particularly.

DISCONTENT, (Delaware, N. Y.)—If a young girl dismisses a lover because he has become disagreeable to her, and tells him the reason squarely, she does him a service, and shows herself an honest girl. No sensible man wishes to marry a woman who is sick and tired of him, and a woman ought not to become the bride of a fellow for whom she has such feelings.

ANXIOUS, (Bristol, Mass.)—You are not to blame at all; your nervousness may arise from a too anxious sensibility, which is less a great gift, and even a mark of genius. Fresh air, a meat diet, exercise, and a resolute forgetfulness of self and a thought of the sufferings of others, will do away with the unpleasant trashfulness, which arises perhaps from a latent, but intense egotism.

WITHOUT NOTES, (Grafton, N. H.)—The Roman custom of a married woman touching fire and water was a matrimonial emblem—a part of the nuptial ceremony upon a bride's entering the house of her husband and receiving the keys, denoting that she was mistress. Two vessels were then presented to her—one of fire, the other of water—both emblematic; fire a purifying emblem, water a cleansing one, representing purity and chastity.

NOVELETTE, (Chancellorsville, Va.)—Scalping was known in early times, and it is not an aboriginal practice, confined to the Indians on this continent. In Psalms lxviii, v. 21, you will find the following: "But God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his trespasses." This is generally interpreted as referring to the practice, although allusions to it by the earlier profane historians are quite common.

NELLIE, (Columbiana, Ohio.)—You must of course do as your parents bid you, but you can ask them what they have heard about you, and if it is anything to your disadvantage, show that it is false. School-girls' friendships are often very ardent, but they do not compare in ardor with the love they afterward experience for young fellows. We hope the two who shall win your affections will be worthy of you, and that your friendship will be life-long. If there is anything out of the way about your friend or yourself, have no fear. You will get together again.

DEBATE, (Albemarle, Va.)—Michel de Montaigne, the famous essayist, was born at the chateau of his father, near Bordeaux, in France, in 1533—eighty years after the invention of printing, and forty after the discovery of America—and died there in 1592. To fix his place in the chronology of literature, it may be stated that among his contemporaries in England, were Knox, Spenser, Marlowe and Sir Philip Sidney. Shakspeare survived him twenty-four years, and Venus and Adonis, the former's first publication, appeared the year after Montaigne's death.

CLIENT, (Bucks, Pa.)—The German Swabian people are not alone in their belief that on Easter Day, or as some say, on Ascension Day, the rising sun leaps twice for joy. The belief is found in almost all the countries of the world where Christianity has penetrated. At Rotenburg, on the Neckar, the sun is supposed to perform these antics on Christmas Eve, the period of the winter solstice. On Good Friday, according to some people, the sun mourns over the crucifixion, and does not shine until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

LECTURE, (Erie, Pa.)—The Koran is a ridiculous, childish jumble of Jewish and Christian ethics, with the gabble of a spiritualist charlatan. Whatever is good in the Koran, Mahomet stole. It is not a book—it is gibberish. It cannot be understood as written—it was written or ejaculated at the "inspiter's" will. It needs editing and cleaning to be comprehended. To compare it with the solemn life-giving writings of Paul or John, servants of Christ, shows not only a want of taste and discrimination, but an utter absence of good sense.

FARMER'S BOY, (Boone, Ky.)—Harvard college is, for America, a very old institution, having been founded in 1638. Its site was fixed at Newtown, one of the earliest colonies, the name of which was subsequently changed to Cambridge, in memory of the old Cambridge over the ocean, of which a number of settlers were graduates. A grant of £2,000 was made to the college by General Court, of Massachusetts Bay; and in 1638, John Harvard, a Puritan minister from England, bequeathed his library and some valuable property to the young college, which out of gratitude took the name of its benefactor.

B. C. D., (West Chester, Pa.)—We are glad that you were so much pleased with "From Gloom to Sunlight," and can recommend "Ercildean," by the same author, begun in this number, as of equal excellence, but it is against our rules to furnish the names of contributors when they desire them withheld. The name Hilfred, we should judge from its etymology, which is Anglo-Saxon, means an honest or brave woman. 2. The "Children of the Abbey" is not only regarded as a standard, but as a classic English novel, which is even a more honorable distinction. 3. If you suppose the gentleman whom you admit under such circumstances, intends making a long stay, we think it would only be courtesy to ask him to remove his overcoat.

HAMMOND, (Windsor, Vt.)—We have not the statistics at hand showing the "exact number of miles of railway in use in the world at the present time," but a high authority gives the following as the number at the close of the year 1876: The total length then was 198,062 miles, of which Europe possessed 80,430 miles; America 82,627 miles; Asia 7,680 miles; Australia 1,924 miles, and Africa 1,349 miles. The United States had 74,096 miles; Germany 17,181 miles; Great Britain, 16,784 miles; France 13,402 miles; Russia 11,555 miles; Austria 10,852 miles; Italy 4,317 miles, and Turkey 920 miles. The railway system in India was 6,427 miles in length; while Canada had 4,500 miles; the Argentine Republic 900 miles; Peru 870 miles; Egypt 326 miles; and Brazil 836 miles.

G. W. E., (Reid, Iowa.)—We think that you are over particular in the matter, and do not let well enough alone. If the girl gives you encouragement, which we presume means that she appears to love you, it ought to be sufficient to show that she is not trifling with you; more particularly when she tells you she is not. That she accepted you once, and then asked a release from the engagement for a time is no proof either that she is fickle. She may have hundreds of good reasons for her conduct. Your best course is to smother your pride, and have a good talk with her on the subject. It is very probable that you would find the required balm for your anguish of mind in such a course. It is not unlikely, however, that your going with other ladies may be at the bottom of the whole trouble. Give them up as a preliminary to opening negotiations with the girl of your choice.

PRESBYTER, (Chester, Pa.)—1. The order of Jesuits was founded by Ignatius Loyola, a page to Ferdinand V. of Spain, and subsequently an officer of his army. Loyola, having been wounded in both legs at the siege of Pampeluna, (1521) devoted himself to theology while under surgical treatment, and renounced the military for the clerical profession. He laid the foundation for his new order in France. In 1539 Pope Paul III. made many objections, but Ignatius, adding to the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, a fourth—that of implicit submission to the Holy See. The institution was formally confirmed by a papal bull, September 27, 1540. 2. The Jesuits have never been expelled from the Holy City, although Pope Clement XIV., in 1773, suppressed the order. They were restored by Pope Pius VII. in 1814. James I., in 1604, expelled them from England. They were driven from Venice in 1606. In 1764 the Order was put down in France by royal edict. In 1767, the Jesuits were driven from Spain.

ANGLO, (Hestonville, Pa.)—"Pig-sticking," which the Prince of Wales indulged in during his recent visit to India, is not, as you suppose, the slaughter of vulgar porkers. It is really boar-spearing on horseback, and is said to combine the excitement of steeple-chasing with that of fox-hunting. Old bears are cunning fellows; having been once hunted, they are difficult to dislodge, and often refuse to budge out of their lairs into the open ground, whatever may be the array and the noises of the beaters. To prosecute a successful hunt, or "pig-sticking," a line of spearsmen get well under cover, and a signal is given by a party of beaters; a line of beaters advance, sometimes silently, sometimes to the sound of noisy instruments, as the nature of the jungle or bush seems to render most expedient. It is the beaters' work to drive the boars into the open. When a boar appears, a shout is given by the beaters, and the spearsmen gallop up. On they go, boar first, spearmen following, better-skelter over the open ground—a well-trained horse enjoying the sport as much as his rider; until at length one of the party drives his spear into the discomfited boar, though not always without bringing his horse, or even himself to grief.

PHIL, (Middlesex, Mass.)—It is quite true that in some circumstances second wives make bad step-mothers, but we do not think it at all the rule. In many cases they are made so by the opposition of the children of the first wife, who are sure at first to feel dissatisfied; but a prudent, sensible woman will easily make herself respected and loved after a few weeks' intercourse with them. In your position and at your age you ought to marry again, and had better do so now than when your two children are four or five years older, for they will then be more difficult for a step-mother to manage. We do